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The Front Page.

For the past month the people of this country have had an object lesson that should not be lost upon them. Two legislative bodies have been in session. In a way, they have been in competitive session—the Ontario Legislature and the Dominion Parliament. In authority, in power, in range and scope of enactment, in the acknowledged ability housed in the two bodies when all their members are present and the doors shut, the Parliament has every advantage over the Legislature. Ordinarily there is scarcely a member of the lesser body who would not, if he could, climb joyfully up the ladder into Parliament. And yet, I am but putting into words the thought of everybody when I say that for a month past the Legislature has entirely eclipsed Parliament in popular interest, and for the first time in a quarter of a century has crowded Ottawa politics into a secondary and insignificant place. The object lesson served up to the people is that the best Government is a new Government. This was demonstrated at Ottawa. It is being demonstrated at Toronto. When Sir Wilfrid with his picked men from all the provinces took office at Ottawa in 1896 they began with enthusiasm to govern the country for the country's good. They were afraid of nothing. They ripped away old abuses and yanked every department out of the rut. They gave British goods a preference in our market, they secured the cancellation of the Belgian and German treaties; they brought in penny postage; they got after sweat shops and created the Department of Labor; they had a Joint High Commission that at least attempted to settle our disputes with the United States; they helped bring into being the Pacific cable; they gave the country a stable tariff; they modernized the land settlement regulations in the West and made the Immigration Department a real service; in short they energized and improved every branch of Government. But all these things were done in the first five or six years of the Administration's life. What has been added of late to the record? Where is the former energy? In Ontario the Whitney Government, fresh from a long period in Opposition and warm from contact with the people, have been showing just such zeal for the public welfare as characterized the Laurier Government in its early days. Scarcely an opportunity has been lost as yet to do the right thing for the Province, because the Premier has his reputation to make and the same is true of every man in his Cabinet. Each man aims to show what he can do, just as Sir William Mulock set out to show what he could do with the postal service, and as Hon. A. G. Blair tried, at first, to do great things by taming the deficits of the Intercolonial. The members of the Whitney Cabinet are keen after opportunities to show how much better the present Administration is than the one that preceded it. While the Ottawa Government was passing through the same period, excellent work was done. Later on there seems to come a time in the history of an Administration when it is content to prove, if it can, that it is not quite as bad as its predecessor. Instead of continuing to glory in its own good performances, it falls into inaction and presently asks to be tolerated because worse people have governed the country years before. That is about how it looks to the man not in politics when a Cabinet Minister under criticism retorts by exhuming the old grey bones of offences committed by dead or discredited predecessors. The best Government is a new Government, fresh from the oven of a general election—with its fame to make and its name to keep clean, and a thousand officials hustling to be so useful that they will not lose their positions. If the people in Province and Dominion could learn to keep the political parties in suspense by letting them in and turning them out again about every five years—letting them in full of zeal and new ideas and turning them out to grass when grown purposeless and indolent—this country would soon outstrip the world by having its natural advantages turned to the fullest account.

If Premier Whitney allows the present session of the Ontario Legislature to come to a close without bringing down a Power Bill the chances will be ten to one that all the fine hopes the people have been indulging of late, will come to final disappointment. This has been a notable session of the Legislature, but the second session of a new Government nearly always contains the bulk of the good work that is or will be placed to its credit, and in calling this session a notable one, most people have got into the way of including among the merits of the Whitney Administration the courage and good sense with which it was supposed this power question would be handled.

As one of the daily papers has said, Ontario is without coal, but we have magnificent water-powers which it is not too late to preserve from falling wholly into the hands of private owners as has been the case with the coal supply of the United States. Mr. Whitney has the opportunity that comes once to one public man in the history of a State, to render the people a service for all time to come. He can settle this thing in favor of the public now; or he can dally with it, and other influences will get in their work and settle the thing finally against the public interest. Defer the settlement that the opportunity invites, and Niagara will make millionaires instead of spreading comfort and benefit among the whole body of the people. If the Government hesitates the cause of the people as regards Power will be lost. Mr. Whitney cannot fail to have observed signs which go to show that half the members of the Legislature can be swung into line by the smooth reasoners who lobby for the power companies. He has had some experience in the House and he knows better than any newspaper writer can tell him, what will happen if this question goes over for a year and if the capitalists begin pulling wires all over the Province to fix things as they want them by next January. If action be not taken now, that will be all the victory the power companies will ask. They will attend to the rest of it—in newspapers, in men's private offices, in city and town councils, in all the byways where public opinion can be met with and influenced. They ask of the Whitney Government nothing but to let this thing go over for the present.

The argument is made that the question is too important to be rushed through in the last few days of the session. It is not the people's fault that the session is so near its close and this great subject neglected. Prolong the session if need be, for in ten or twenty years no session will have a reason equally good for prolonging its length.

What is it that the Legislature is asked to do? Nothing so remarkable after all—something that ten years after it has been done and after its benefits have

been enjoyed by the people, will seem like the first great gleam of sense that ever lit up the Legislature. The Province is not asked to assume any great financial risk. The proposal is that the Province shall borrow two or three million dollars, buy power at the Falls and transmit it to municipalities, and sell it at cost, with interest added. Where does the doubt come in, as to whether the Province should do this or not? Will the municipalities not buy the power? The Government need at present but authorize the doing of this if it can be done without loss to the Provincial Treasury and with marked gain to the municipalities and the industries located within them. What needs doing now by the Government is the creation of the means for doing this work if the work can be done. Let the authority be granted, so that if this transmission and sale of power be a good thing it can be done. There is nothing holding back in this proposal, except the influence of the power companies, and there is nothing for the Government to fear except the hostility of those companies. It is a straight choice

easy to overlook a trifle like this. I have no doubt the gentleman who misnamed the Queen's Own on the programme and the gentleman who when spoken to about it asked "What difference does it make?" bungled the matter between them in their careless and good-natured way. Besides they couldn't see what difference it made whether our flag was forgotten in the decorations, anyway. Yet while they forgot the "little courtesy" of putting up a single flag of the nation from which the visiting but misnamed regiment with the bogus money came from, they were greatly pleased when the Canadian band played *The Star Spangled Banner* in glorification of their own flag. "There was," writes the *Star* reporter who was present, "almost absolute silence in the audience, until the strains of the music had died away, when the courtesy was acknowledged with tremendous cheering." It was a case where the civility of the guests had to repair the boorishness of their hosts.

Consider all this side by side with the fact that last week when Toronto was spreading a welcome for a

law of some kind be necessary as a concession to public opinion they want only such a law as will not interfere with them in the least in running their business to suit themselves. That the funds under their control are trust funds they profess to admit; but in actual practice they disregard that theory entirely. They run their businesses as if they were their own. They are out to make fortunes, not to conduct a great insurance business on the basis of profit to themselves that the constitution of their company and the official figures supplied to the State would indicate. So far as the enquiry has gone every company whose business has been closely scrutinized has been found making itself in one way or another, the backer, the supporter, the powerful ally of one or more of its directors, in his or their personal acquisition of wealth. The manager, the president, the directors, and the company itself, with linked arms, go into business deals and stand by each other. They form a powerful group in any financial deal. The law forbids the company to invest in certain kinds of securities, but the company hauls its huge money-chest into whatever venture its companions embark in, regardless of the law, and when the day of enquiry comes around, the argument is that the company knows better than those who frame insurance laws, where investments are safe. The manager of a company will point to the gains made by disregard of law; he will show that where illegal investments were profitable the company gained, and where they were unprofitable the individual officers responsible for the losses, made them good. They ask people to believe the cock and bull story that men hot-foot after wealth, habitually and as a matter of course let the company take the winnings, if any, while they pay the losses, if any, in these illegal transactions.

The most astonishing feature of it all is the coolness with which an insurance company manager will admit that the law governing insurance, not meeting with his approval, was regularly disregarded by him. The law, it appears, is only meant to create popular confidence in the companies, but is not intended to hamper the financial operations of the wise men who control insurance. The law is master of poor devils on the street, but "what is the law between friends" when transactions in six figures are taking place! Respect for law needs to be impressed in high places. The policemen enforce law in the streets, but there is too much lawlessness in high places where policemen dare not enter except with bared heads. Why should it be possible for those in control of insurance companies to stand before a Royal Commission and admit that they, in handling trust funds, deliberately violated the law, lost money in speculation, but in course of time restored it? Why should so grave a violation of law be deemed so light a matter? and are the people to conclude that the law sets up only tissue-paper safeguards for the security of millions that companies collect in small doles from policyholders? Penalties should attach to our insurance laws. The men who play smart tricks with trust funds should be disqualified from remaining in any licensed branch of the trust business. Insurance money should not go gambling. Men who have an overweening confidence in themselves and feel sure that if they make a loss they can make that loss good, are in dispute as cashiers, clerks and collectors in your business and mine—why should men in control of the gigantic funds of an insurance company be permitted to operate on that plan? If managers and directors will not take the law seriously, the law should take itself seriously and make an example of some of these big financiers who proceed on the assumption that they move on a level high above the law of the land.

It is pretty nice to be an influential man in an insurance company. In the first place you can get all the insurance you want to carry with the commissions knocked off; next you can render the company services from time to time as to the value of which you can yourself help to determine; you can apply to the company for a loan, and then you can go around the table and consider whether the securities you offer are satisfactory; while if you buy something that you don't want to keep, perhaps you will find that it is the very thing the company is hankering to buy. Not only so, but all the time you are in genial companionship with a financial organization whose comradeship with you is regarded on the sidewalk as a guarantee that your credit is as good and your reserve as deep as the company's vaults.

From one end of Toronto to the other last Sunday night it is safe to say that in the churches the women outnumbered the men two to one. Perhaps in many of the churches there were three women to each man. Why is this the case? Various explanations have been put forward, some that throw disparagement on the preaching and others that heap reproach on the men who remain away from houses of public worship. Most of the explanations offered are wide of the mark. Perhaps some men remain away from the churches their families attend, because they do not admire the preaching. Perhaps some keep away because the ventilation of the buildings is so bad that they fall asleep. Perhaps some shirk church because their sins boil and sputter under the scorching heat of the sermons. Here and there may be found a man who avoids church because no matter which one he attends or where he sits, there is always sure to be right behind him a woman whose singing is like the filing of a saw, but who faithfully tortures her way through every hymn. These various causes may keep some men from church, but the great reason of all, why men do not go to church, is the Hat of the Woman in Front. Let the preachers believe this or not, it is the true reason. When a man goes to church he wants to see the preacher from where he sits. He wants to follow the sermon, even though he may not greatly approve it. If he cannot see the preacher he cannot give himself over to a careful following of the sermon. In a church last Sunday night I saw two ladies with large hats sit down and shut off the view that two other ladies had had of the pulpit. These two, after indignantly whispering and shifting in their seats, arose and took another pew. Yet their own hats were even larger than the ones they moved to avoid. When a man sits in a pew and, fairly in front of him, is a Hat large as an umbrella, while if he try to see the pulpit by leaning to the right his view is intercepted by another hat, while leaning to the left only serves to bring another one into line as an obstruction—what does the preacher of the Christian religion who occupies the pulpit, suppose that man's state of mind is? It is not devotional. He simmers with a white, silent but dangerous rage. He is compelled to look pious while feeling far from it. Nor can he do anything, for the women in his own pew are hatted like the rest, with wide and tall creations guaranteeing that nobody behind can see anything in front but the ceiling. A man contracts crick in his neck. He gets a headache through one eye being focused on a point at the end of the pulpit where



LOOKING DOWN MARKET STREET FROM FOURTH STREET, THE CALL BUILDING IN THE CENTRE. THE PALACE HOTEL, WITH THE FLAG FLYING, AND THE BUILDINGS TO THE LEFT WERE AFTERWARDS ALL BURNED.



AT THE CORNER OF POST AND MONTGOMERY STREETS. MILITIA ON DUTY IN THE STREETS.

SOME SAN FRANCISCO PICTURES

(See "My Story of the Earthquake," by Rev. Professor Wicher, on page 9.)

between the capitalist and the public, and if the public does not win this week—the public loses.

The Queen's Own Rifles have been to New York. It is true that on the programme of the Horse Show over there they were described as "the 43rd Regiment, Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles," but as a member of the New York committee observed when a Toronto officer spoke to him of this: "What difference does it make?" Truly, what difference did it make whether they were called the Queen's Own, the Duke's Own, or Sir Henry Pellatt's Own on the programme, so long as they marched and performed and pleased the crowd! It seems that many of these soldiers of ours were like to be stranded in New York because of their neglect in not having changed the King's own currency that they carried with them into the native coin of the foreign land of which they were guests. The soldiers fell into this awkward position through the circumstance that over here we treat American money just like our own. But ours is considered bogus over there. However, although the name of the visiting regiment was not mentioned on the programme, and although the money our men carried with them was spurned as if it were the valueless bone tokens of an Esquimaux tribe, yet the Queen's Own were very hospitably treated in New York. Sir Henry Pellatt says so. "The fact," says one of our daily papers, "that the Canadian flag was not represented in the decorations at Madison Square Garden on Friday night, when the Canadians first appeared, is attributed by the officers to pure mismanagement." Pure and simple mismanagement. "There seems to have been," the report continues, "a misunderstanding among the officials of the tournament as to who should have attended to this little courtesy." It is so

British Prince who was entering the city on his journey across Canada, somebody entwined with the Royal Standard, the Stars and Stripes, in the place of honor at the Union Station. If an American regiment were visiting this city we would be incapable of the incivility of "forgetting" to display their flag in the decorations. Not a ten-year-old boy on the street but would have a sufficient sense of courtesy to observe such an omission in time to repair it before the guests arrived. But when a British Prince visited the Capital of a British Province, who was the jackass who thought an American flag ought to be entwined with the Royal Standard in welcome to the visitor? and where was the man with horse-sense who should superintend such decorations if the city is not to be made yet more ridiculous on some other occasion? No people in the world rant and strut more about their flag than our neighbors of the Republic. They have cultivated it up to the height, almost, of an idolatry. They never forget their own flag, and nothing but incivility can explain their disrespect for ours, whether it be at Madison Square Garden in New York or in Canadian waters where their yachts violate all nautical usages, the courtesies and even the laws that prevail the world over. Isn't it about time that ten thousand American flags in Ontario that have been used for decorative purposes on gala days be wholly discarded? Isn't it about time that we adopted, in this matter of flags, a more self-respecting attitude?

The insurance investigation from the first has revealed one fact that cannot be ignored. Wherever the enquiry turns, this One Fact exposes itself. That fact is that insurance managers regard the insurance law as a nuisance. They want no law to govern them; or, if a

he occasionally gets a glimpse of the minister, and the other on the back of the neck of the lady in front. A man so situated is in no condition to get benefit from a sermon. He becomes captious, dissatisfied with the sermons, and goes home unfit to live with. Already one begins to notice that most of the men seen in church are tall men. Most of the shorter men have quit. Tall men have no monopoly of piety. Short men are not necessarily abandoned to sin and wickedness. Why, then, are most of the men who attend church tall, and why is it that few short men are seen at public worship? The hats worn by the women of the various congregations are responsible. As a matter of fact there are more short men present in church than anybody would suppose, but they are hidden, eclipsed by the millinery. They can neither see nor be seen. Many short men, however, are absent, and the day is coming when only women and excessively tall men will go to church. Religion is said to be free for all and it cannot be desirable that it should become the exclusive possession of the women and men tall enough to see over the highest millinery that Satan can invent to screen pulpits. But one remedy presents itself. It is folly to suggest that women should cease wearing hats to church, for that would leave few but men in any congregation. The remedy, then, is to raise the preacher to a pulpit set high in the church wall and then construct the floor with a steep slant towards the front, as in the galleries of the Legislature.

A remarkable state of affairs is disclosed by reading the heartrending columns in the evening papers of Toronto wherein women are advertising for household help. The situation grows desperate, and never were more abject appeals put into print than are now appearing. Salted among the other advertisements are some sent in by the employment agencies offering housemaids and general servants such high wages and light duties as would seem certain to attract any girl seeking service, to the offices of these agencies. But the genuine advs. are in many cases tragically appealing. One lady tries to secure a general servant by offering "the highest wages, no washing, every Wednesday and Sunday afternoon and every night off." Each advertiser tries to put in some little touch that will attract an applicant. "No washing, no ironing, no children," says one. "A good Christian home," says another. "Light, easy place," coaxes a third. Stories float around to the effect that Mrs. So-and-so has been advertising off and on for six months and has not yet been able to get a maid. Another woman pays much less and has no trouble whatever in getting help. The end of it will probably be that many families will be driven into flats, where much of the work will be done by contract.

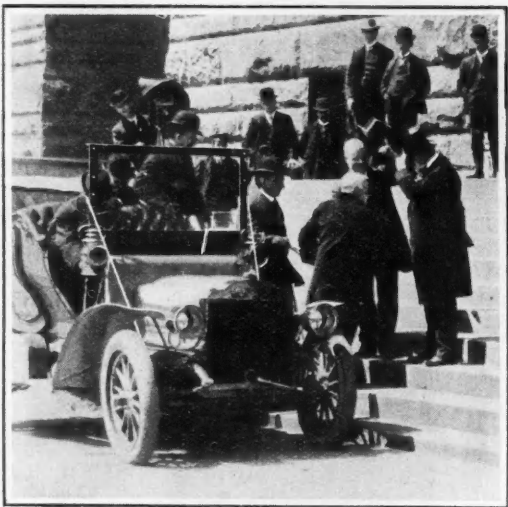
Because of an article last week dealing with certain classes of Englishmen now coming into Canada, a correspondent rakes me fore and aft, pours broadsides in, and has a deuce of a time with me on three or four anonymous sheets of foolscap. He suspects me of being a Scotchman, which I am not, but a Canadian of the fourth generation. Perhaps it is safe to suspect him of being an Englishman. He charges me and my kind with having grown fat and insolent on the fruits of work done by such Englishmen as "Wolfe and Washington, Clive and Hastings." It would be most ungrateful for any Canadian of British descent—or in fact any Canadian of the present day—to forget the services rendered to Canada by Wolfe and by thousands of other Englishmen of his time, of last century, of last year, and last month. The article which has so angered our correspondent was written in an attempt to explain a regrettable prejudice that is beginning to manifest itself, especially in rural parts of Ontario, against certain classes of the recently arrived Englishmen. There is such a prejudice. There are new arrivals who arouse this prejudice wherever they go. They were unknown in this country ten or fifteen years ago, or were so rare as to escape notice. They regard this as "their" colony. Some of them on arriving, and before they leave the Union Station, denounce the colony and all its inhabitants, presumably because Government House is not placed at their disposal. When men of this type are sent out into the country to work for farmers, one can imagine the result. The newcomer judges his employer by his old clothes, by his lack of dignity and despises him at once for the equality he accords the newcomer. He knows everything and can teach everybody how everything should be done. People of this class remained in England until recently. Now they begin to arrive, and, if they keep coming in numbers, the prejudice they arouse wherever they go will increase to the regret of every sensible Canadian. The remedy is not to lambast me for stating the regrettable fact that such a prejudice clearly manifests itself, and is caused by the way some of these new arrivals carry themselves; but the remedy, if there be one, is not to dump these men into this country so fast that they arrive wholly uninstructed as to "where they are at."

Crown Attorney Curry is out of it. He has quit the Toronto police court, has ceased his pursuit of plumbers' combines, loan sharks, and shop-lifters, and hereafter, dressed in white pajamas and mounted on a mule, he will ride about Cuban landscapes, bossing a plantation. This is a world of change. You never know where anybody will fetch up by the time the next census is taken. For several months past Mr. Curry has been setting a great pace as Crown Attorney. There was a rumor to the effect that he would drop out to make way for a Conservative appointee, whereupon he began such an aggressive campaign on behalf of the people that to have removed him would have been impossible. For some time a very gratifying demonstration has been given of the usefulness of which a Crown prosecutor is capable, when he sets out to deserve the support of public opinion. Mr. Seymour Corley, the new Crown Attorney, should take up the work where it has been dropped by his predecessor and follow along the lines that have recently produced such good results. The new man should forget that he was once in local politics. He should shun the lobbies of the Legislature, the committees of his party, and right from the start give himself a chance to be a definite force.

Some of the foremost advocates of prohibition hotly denounce the provision in the new liquor law that a two-thirds vote shall be necessary to carry local option. The cause they advocate would probably make better headway were these men more reasonable. In no country in the world is there such a preponderance of opinion favorable to temperance, if not prohibition, as in Canada. In no country where liquor is consumed is the per capita consumption so small as in Canada. Nor need anyone begrudge to those who have carried on ceaseless agitation on the subject, their share of credit for the desirable state of public opinion. Yet more than once, by their unreasonable attitude, they have estranged public men who were in natural sympathy with them, have lost the support of influential newspapers, and have caused communities to reject temperance because of its advocates. It is difficult to understand how any sensible man can desire that local option should go into effect on a bare majority of the votes cast—it is difficult to understand this in view of the experiences that we have had in Ontario with local option and with the Scott Act. One-third or one-fourth of the voters do not go to the polls to vote on such a question. They look on indifferently. Heretofore two-fifths of the qualified voters have been able to carry a local option regulation. Not only so, but among those who have voted in favor of it are many who were only won over to the extent of voting, and not to

the extent of desiring to live under such a restraining law. They vote for the abolition of the local sale of liquor because their friends have persuaded them to do so, but there they wash their hands of it. They cannot be counted on to assist in enforcing the law; their sympathy and encouragement will be given to those who violate it. It is useless to deny the fact that this kind of a law is in a class by itself. If this were not so there would be no local option about it, and enactments would be passed in the usual way governing all municipalities alike. The consent of the people is necessary, and where such consent is required, care must be taken to see that a sufficient consent be procured to reasonably ensure the successful operation of the self-imposed restraint. In some townships, after fierce fights, local prohibitory laws have been passed by a majority of about a dozen votes. What can happen, in any such case, but that the law will fall into discredit and be repealed? Where, with the influence of the churches, the preachers, the women's organizations, and the horrible examples that local drunkards afford, only a small majority can be drummed up in favor of the abolition of licenses, it is quite certain that the normal attitude of the community is not favorable to local prohibition, and that the law, if passed, will not be held in respect. It is, in fact, a minority sentiment that binds the community. A few men with great zeal and personal influence, induce many to vote in favor of a restraining law that they afterwards resist and bring into contempt. Would it not be better to have local option in ten municipalities where it will operate creditably, than attempt it in twenty and have it discredited everywhere by its failure in ten of these places?

Andrew Carnegie has been here and has made his favorite speeches. He is a good-natured, talkative little man, and left some people, at least, wondering what series of accidents made him the possessor of \$400,000,000. If chance had made him a grocer or a flour and feed merchant in a place like Whitby or Brampton—if duty had called him to his shop at 8 a.m. to remove his shutters and stand in the door in his shirt-sleeves waiting for the customer that might come along, would he not, like others so placed, have jogged along making little more than a living? Would he not have run for the Town Council, struggled for the honor of



Mr. Peacock presenting Mr. Carnegie to Mayor Coatsworth and Controller Shaw.

passing the collection plate in church, grieved over his small reverses and gloried in the small conquests of his narrow career? But he was tossed to the front on the wave of the iron and steel industry in the United States when that rich nation went in for Protection—plunged into protection recklessly, without thought of economy, bent only on making the Republic a great nation in the iron and steel trade. Carnegie was the chief beneficiary of this huge national effort. Sixty million people were taxed to the limit so that the Republic might have a booming iron and steel trade, and as the trade went up and up, Andrew Carnegie went up and up with it. The man had a keen eye for business, but the nation produced the wealth and let him have it, not knowing how to take it to itself.

A Canadian officer in the Imperial service who recently returned to India after a leave of absence in Canada has sent me the following letter: "Dear Sir,—Having just left Toronto when you were hard hitting the loan sharks I take the liberty of sending you a piece of impertinence that arrived by this morning's mail, which might be of interest to you. Note the terms on the back of the enclosed notice. It was sent to me on my return from leave, when the Indian army officer's finances are, as a rule, low. Yours truly, —" The enclosure referred to is a general printed offer from a native firm of money lenders to loan cash, either with or without security. On the back of the enclosure is a written proposition to loan the officer 1,000 rupees on receipt of his bond for that amount; he to pay interest in advance at 2 per cent. per mensem for twenty-five months, 500 rupees; cash he will get, 500 rupees, repayable 400 rupees monthly for twenty-five months. It is quite a simple proposal. The officer could get 500 rupees (\$165) in hand on undertaking to pay back 1,000 rupees (\$330) in twenty-five monthly instalments. The cool air with which the proposal is made indicates that the firm is not new to such business. In fact there is only too much reason for supposing that many a foolish young fellow in the army falls into the hands of loan sharks.

MACK.

Queer Work at Royal Military College.

Brutal Hazing Should Not Be Stopped?

Kingston, April 14, 1906.

N A despatch from London, some days ago, the statement was made that the friends of young Marshall, an R.M.C. cadet, who was injured there last fall during the annual initiation, were to demand an investigation of the outrage at the hands of the Minister of Militia. Up to the present I have not noticed anything in that direction had been done, and being "only a woman" perhaps I cannot do much towards that end.

But, from one thing and another, that, over a long stretch of years have come to me, from young men attending the R. M. College, very urgent, as it seems to me, is the need for an immediate investigation of its entire management, and because so many of your readers are interested in its welfare is my reason for writing to you. Of course I am only too sensible of the good work that this institution has done and is doing—the splendid training that it gives, the quality of character that it develops, and the services rendered by some of its graduates both to Canada and the Empire, and yet, I often ask myself: Could not these, if not better, results have been achieved without the excesses that in recent years have characterized the stay of some of the instructors imported from over the sea? If its graduates "are mak-

ing good" it is in spite of the example set them by some of these importations, and not for a month would the directors of any other college in the land have tolerated their conduct unless on the principle adopted by the Romans, who, to deter people from drunkenness, placed intoxicated men in the public square.

But apart from that phase of the matter, what I want particularly to refer to is the "fagging" and "hazing" that goes on at the college. To distinguish between them let it be kept in mind, that the order of class work at the R. M. College, is the reverse of that of other colleges, the recruits or lowest class being the third year men, and the intermediate, or second class, being the second year's men, while the seniors, or graduating class, are the first year's men. Well, fagging is the humiliation of a service to which the recruits are subjected by the seniors. On the opening of college the recruits have to come here a week earlier than the other classes, to be fitted for their uniforms and given some preliminary drill, and on the arrival of the latter they note their every movement, watching for signs of pride and evidences of "cheek" with a view to taking it out of them. If the seniors only resorted to such things as having the recruits prepare their baths, clean their guns, polish their buttons, run for matches, and tuck their bed clothing in during the night, possibly it might be excusable, but a system of ragging and guying, fetching and carrying, is started—as ignominious as it is intolerable. Fancy a lad having to say what his name is, to the same questioner, fifty times in one evening? Fancy him having to sing over and over one chapter of the Bible to the tune of *God Save the King*. Fancy him, against rules that prohibit it from the premises, having to bring in a case of liquors from some outside grocery, when discovery would mean rustication, while to refuse would be to have meted out the punishment of "T-squaring" (spanking) either then, or on "initiation" night—all this in addition to the bath preparing, etc., done during what are supposed to be study hours and in spite of the fact that if the recruit, at the end of the term, fail to make his percentage of marks, he will be ruthlessly plucked. That is fagging, and is the result, probably, of the practice that no commissioned officers have charge of the dormitories, but live in residences outside, so that full scope is given to the lads for horse-play.

Ordinarily hazing is what takes place on "initiation" night, being spoken of with bated breath, and made to hang over the recruits for about ten weeks from the time the college opens, as a terror of expectancy.

Suddenly, some night at one of the mess tables a low groan is heard, which is taken up one after another by the other tables, a weird, blood-curdling, uncanny sound, which strikes fear into the hearts of the recruits. They know that is the signal for the night of doom. Later they are ordered to put on their "work shop" togs, and being blindfolded are led out of doors, each in charge of a second class man, who usually is already under the influence of liquor, to have done to them as has been previously arranged. Occasionally, some fellow who has a grudge asks for the care of a particular recruit, in order to torture him.

In these initiation horrors, members of the graduating class seldom take any active part, as they had their innings last year, but they stand around to see that none of the recruits are really killed. Some of them are thrown into the lake from a steep bank or off the dock, sometimes with a rope around them, but usually without. If they can swim, all right; if not, they are fished out in an unconscious condition. Others are rolled down distances of over forty feet, to light on rocks and stone. Again and again have joints been dislocated, arms broken and heads cut open. Finally they are marched into a cave called "hell," where the bandages are taken off their eyes, and the name is no misnomer.

There are fires and red-hot irons in waiting. Even the devil himself is there with his satellites, all gotten up in gruesome form, and after a fearsome voice has given horrible warning, again are the victims blindfolded and ice-cold steel is pressed against their back. As this proceeding is accompanied by the smell of burning flesh, to their terrorized vision, it seems to be searing their flesh. In addition, scarcely any escape being soundly "T-squared" in the most degrading manner, so that for a week afterwards they have to "sit standing."

If any resist—Well, some years ago, a young fellow to defend himself drew a revolver. From then until the present that chap has been ostracized, and everyone of his name who ever came to the R. M. C. since, in consequence, had a hard time of it.

After the hazing, lads have sometimes suffered till morning in the most awful pain. There have been victims who were worked over all night by their companions, not knowing but death would overtake them before the morning, and either through fear, or a mistaken idea of manliness, none of them dare report the case, until the doctor drove over to make his usual morning call, when he would be told it happened at football or in the gymnasium.

Not so long ago there was a lad who, having been alternately soused in hot and cold water, was on a cold winter night hung out of a window, by a rope, until his clothes were frozen stiff, when he was taken in more dead than alive, and to this day has never really recovered from his experience, all because he refused to let some hovens smash his dead father's violin, which he had hidden away.

Is it any wonder that the next day after these hazing experiences scores of grey hairs are noticeable in the heads of numbers of the recruits?

To say that the officers in charge wink at all, is only to say what is true, because only recently while the hazing was under way, one of them came to the boys, begging them to leave off for that night, and finish up another night, as his wife, knowing pretty well what was going to happen, was nearly wild through nervousness.

Have I not said enough, sir, to persuade you that with a view to a better order of things there is need for an overhauling of the R. M. College. And yet were there only a superficial investigation, with their mistaken idea of *esprit de corps* and manliness, every man-jack of the cadets would come forward to say there is not a word of this true, when they know that what I have written is true, every word of it. Yours truly, O. A.

Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of Boston, has been appointed professor of English literature at Harvard. He will occupy a chair held by George Ticknor, Longfellow, and Lowell, and vacant since the retirement of the last named in 1866.

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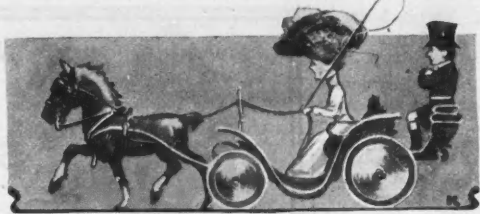
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SOCIETY

The latter part of last week was spent by society at the Armouries, where a splendid lot of horses were on exhibition, and the really sporty people enjoyed every hour of the afternoon and evening. The public has had the usual overdose of "chiffons," the homeliest of women have been called lovely and graceful, the weirdest of hats becoming and smart, and sometimes the very prettiest of both women and clothes completely overlooked. "Things like these, you know, must be," and there's no use complaining, as I have heard some of the ignored doing, for it's not enough to be pretty, and to "break the bank" with dressmaker and milliners' bills, you must be very much *en evidence* to be remarked amid such a wealth of women and raiment as filled the boxes and promenaded on the evenings of last week. They say the Show hasn't made money this year. They say also that it lacked go and interest. It seemed an unusually good one to me, and though it is certainly true that there were groups of women looking bored to death, and men who seemed to have slept in their garments, so frowsy and ill set up were they, there were heaps of eager, interested, faultlessly smart ones of both sexes, and to the visitors in town goes the grateful acknowledgment that they did their entertainers proud in every instance. There was less feting and feasting than usual, owing to the absence of several hosts and hostesses, and there were no dashing officers in uniform as in former years, when the military tournament combined with the Horse Show proper, but no one who really loves the Show for the love of the horses regretted the tournament part, which from repetition had lost its pristine interest. His Honor and his family certainly did their duty by the Show, from the first afternoon to late Saturday night Government House box was occupied, Mrs. Mortimer Clark looking particularly dignified and well on Saturday evening in a soft grey voile costume lightly touched with fine white lace and a broad hat in two shades of grey, with grey plumes. Lady Mulock had Dr. and Mrs. Ham twice in her box, and her handsome daughter-in-law was present at most of the "sessions," in some very smart gowns and hats, particularly a small pointed pink hat with long pink quills. Mrs. and Miss Nicholson of New York wore ever so many ravishingly pretty gowns and hats, and on Saturday Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie looked in, having just returned from the South. Sir Montague and Lady Allan spent a couple of evenings at the Show, guests in the Master's box. Mrs. Cecil Gibson, who had a box on the west side, wore some lovely frocks and stylish hats, being one of the dozen or so whose attire seemed to suggest a recent visit to Paris. A bit of bad news, of the severe burning in St. Catharines of the young son of Mrs. McCoy, which was kept from her during Saturday evening, oppressed the minds of some of her friends, but not until after the showing of the four-in-hands—in which Dr. McCoy's dandy four, with such a jehu as we have not seen since Batonyi drove here, captured the hearts of the crowd if not the red ribbon—was the mother apprised of her son's mishap. Hon. Adam Beck and his lovely wife gathered in heaps of firsts and seconds, anything prettier than the latter in her white "pony" coat and gown and small neat sailor piled with white roses, flashing round the circle with sparkle and a light cart, has never been seen in the Horse Show. The view of the boxes when the Show was in full swing, seen from the new galleries *vis-a-vis*, was truly charming, and really resembled a parterre in full flower. A feature of the ladies' riding which everyone remarked, was the easy and fearless way Miss Aimee Falconbridge put several horses over the jumps. It was a real disappointment when Miss Florrie Cawthra's pretty nag refused the double jump, for she could have taken it handily had she not developed a fit of wilfulness. There was no worse mishap during the performances in this line, than a tumble or two, and in the tandem class one leader got mixed up in the traces, and another evinced a desire to climb into the back of a preceding trap. On Saturday night Mrs. Harold Bickford, just arrived from India, came in with her parents. She is looking a bit paler than in her radiant girlhood, but was welcomed everywhere with great pleasure.

The serious illness of Mr. Theodore Brough in London was so alarming that his family went to England, but not in time to reach him, as his death took place on Tuesday. Mr. Brough, who was one of Toronto's most capable financiers, was stricken with paralysis one day last week, and his death followed the seizure.

The Governor-General, Lady Sybil Grey and party will attend the May meeting of the O. J. C. and will occupy Glen Stewart, which Mr. Ames has kindly placed at the disposal of His Excellency, and where the vice-regal pair were so comfortable last year. The distinguished visitors will be the guests of the Ontario Jockey Club during their stay. Lady Grey and her elder daughter, Lady Evelyn, are in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Bingham Allan, having taken Miss O'Hara's house in Wellesley place for a term of years, are now in possession. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gillespie have bought a house in Charles street, since they removed from Wellesley place.

Rev. E. T. Crawford of St. Luke's cathedral, Halifax, has been in town for a week or two, visiting his wife's mother, Mrs. Henderson, at Iverholme. He has returned to the East.

Mrs. and Miss Gyp Armstrong, who have been at Mrs. Thorne's for some weeks, are returning shortly to Lindsay for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jarvis are leaving the Alexandra to take up house in Roxborough street east.

Lady Kirkpatrick will shortly return to Toronto, and her brother-in-law, Mr. Perceval Ridout, will also come to Canada for a visit.

Mrs. Charles Kingsmill is convalescing from illness in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulock are nearly settled in their new house in Cluny avenue.

Mrs. Ahearn and Miss Lillias returned to Ottawa on Wednesday. During her visit in Toronto, Mrs. Ahearn occupied Mrs. George E. Foster's apartments at the Alexandra.

An account of the marriage of Mr. Percy Hardisty and Miss Margaret Mowat, which occurred in Edmonton on Thursday, April 26, reached me too late for insertion last week. Miss Mowat is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat, her mother was born MacLaren of Toronto, and her grandfathers were the late Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir Oliver Mowat, and Rev.

Dr. MacLaren of Knox College. Rev. A. D. McRae, Principal of Alberta College, Calgary, was the officiating minister. Miss Marion Creelman of Montreal, Miss Dora Oliver of Ottawa, Miss Eleanor Taylor, and Miss Lillian Hardisty were the bride's attendants, and Mr. Roy Jones of Calgary was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Mowat Biggar, cousin of the bride, Richard Hardisty, and Hugh McCarthy. Mrs. Charles Pardee (nee Mowat), sister of the bride, gave the wedding reception and breakfast, after which Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hardisty went to the Coast for their honeymoon. The bridal robe was of ivory satin, with duchess lace, tulle veil, and orange blossoms, and the bouquet was of Bride roses. The bridesmaids wore white organdie with turquoise girdles and slippers and tulle veils with crowns of forget-me-nots. Their bouquets were of pale pink carnations. The bride travelled in a navy cloth suit, and toque to match, trimmed with forget-me-nots. The ceremony took place in the First Presbyterian church, at high noon, and Mr. Mowat brought in the bride and gave her away. The union of two popular Torontonians in the far North-West caused many thoughts and words of congratulation to be sent from Toronto.

The conferring by His Majesty King Edward of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George upon Right Hon. Sir Arthur Nicolson, recalls the fact that this keen diplomat is a brother-in-law of Lady Dufferin, so beloved of Canadians, having married her sister, Miss Hamilton, many years ago. Sir Arthur and Lady Nicolson occasionally visit the aged Mrs. Hamilton at her castle near Dublin, where I spent an afternoon with them four summers ago.

Major Cockburn, V.C., returned to his ranch in the North-West last Sunday. Mrs. Thomas Tait and Miss Winifred Tait are expected to land from the Australian steamer to-morrow and will be in Toronto in a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn will not occupy Birch Point, their beautiful home in Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, this summer, as they are going abroad in June, with their daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. and Miss Tait. I see that Birch Point is to be let for the season, and some one will be lucky who secures it. In another column particulars of its advantages will be found.

The incomparable Nordica will sing to us on Tuesday evening, and everyone appears to be going to hear her. She is a prime favorite in Toronto, and parties always arrive from outside cities and towns to enjoy a Nordica concert here.

In answer to a correspondent, to settle a dispute, I might say that it is certainly correct to call Prince Arthur of Connaught "His Royal Highness," but not to so designate young Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who is merely "His Highness." The recent act of King Edward in ordaining that Princess Ena, bride-elect of the King of Spain, and sister of Prince Alexander, is to be in future styled "Her Royal Highness" should infer that she was not formerly entitled to that title. Prince Arthur's father is of the blood Royal, Prince Alexander's was not, but was given the courtesy title of Royal Highness by Queen Victoria on his marriage to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice in 1885.

Mrs. Henry Totten is in town and stopping at the Arlington; she will next week spend some days with Mrs. Becher at Sylvan Tower, Rosedale.

Miss Aimee Falconbridge has gone to Syracuse on a visit to friends. Miss Rowand and Miss Dora Rowand are going to England this summer. Miss Wornum returned on Friday from Newcastle, and was at the Horse Show in the evening, looking exceedingly pretty. Major and Mrs. Harry Brock returned from Atlantic City last week. Mrs. Gunn (formerly Florence Ross) had a call from the stork on Monday, with the gift of a fine boy. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hollway of St. George street, have gone to England. Miss Mary O'Hara has gone to Jamaica. Mr. Henry Collingwood McLeod has purchased a residence in Jamaica. Mr. D. D. Mann has bought a country place near the Hunt Club. Mr. and Mrs. Mann and Miss Williams got home last week from their half-day jaunt. Mrs. and Miss Nicholson of New York have returned home. Miss Helen Coutlee of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Frank Fleming. Mr. Reginald Temple has taken a position in Toronto, and will not go to Mexico as soon as he intended. Mrs. and Miss Agnes Keating have gone to England. Miss Edith Cross is visiting in New York. Mrs. Teetzel of the Alexandra is at Clifton Springs. Mrs. George Macbeth has been laid up with an attack of quinsy.

The High Park Golf Club opened their club-house on Saturday. A formal opening in the form of an At Home will take place later on. A number of new members have been elected and the officers anticipate a gay and prosperous season.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Buchner, formerly of Toronto, now of Boston, announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Irene, to Mr. Rex Donald Sheldon of Hillsdale, Michigan, at the home of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, April 25th. The Rev. William T. Beale of Boston, assisted by Rev. Harry Sheldon of Loraine, Ohio, brother of the groom, performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon will reside in Boston.

Mrs. T. Godson of Avenue road has returned to town after a month's visit in New York.

Chevalier A. M. F. Gianelli of Buffalo, who is here on a visit, entertained the Marquis Doria at dinner at the residence of his son in Parkdale. Covers were laid for ten.

Mrs. F. J. McGuire of New York has been the guest of Hon. J. O. Reaume and Mrs. Reaume, her sister, at the Queen's Hotel. She came up last week for the Horse Show.

Mrs. Macklem gave a tea on Monday for some visitors at her home in Rosedale. Mrs. Matthews had some friends for tea on Tuesday. *pour dire adieu* to Miss Barrow and Mrs. Jack Ross, who with Mr. Ross sailed for England this week. The trip was a surprise to Mrs. Ross and a regret to her Toronto friends who hoped to have her here for the May meeting. Mr. Ross had business abroad and telegraphed to his wife whether she would like to accompany him. It was a hurried rush home to Montreal and a quick making ready, but youthful energy and plenty of money make it easy to conquer time.

Rumors of two engagements are in the air. Both fair maidens concerned are young and lovely, and there will be broken hearts among their admirers.

Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge arrived safely on Monday in Toronto, and are looking splendid after their delightful year abroad.

Letters from Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black tell of the continued serious condition of their only son. The little lad asks to be taken back to "Toronto, Canada" where "Ian Black was never sick." His loving friends here trust he may long be spared to his devoted and tender parents.

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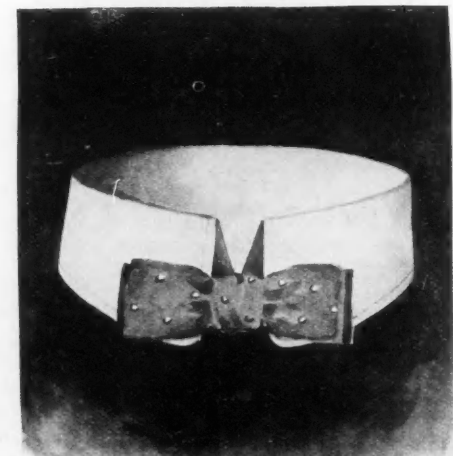
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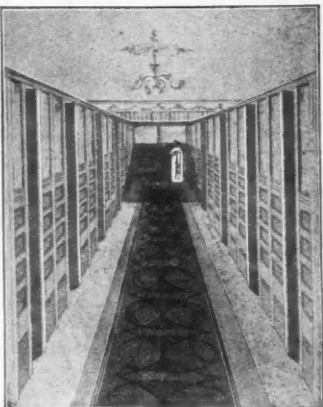
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PRESCRIPTIONS

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VII.



LIEUTENANT F. F. HUNTER,
Thirty-first D. C. O. Lancers, Bombay, India.
Graduate R. M. C., 1898, B. S. M.
Social and Personal.

Mr. Allen Magee was a welcome visitor from Montreal to the Horse Show last Saturday. Mrs. Alec MacKenzie, looking the picture of health and beauty, was at the Show on Saturday, having just returned from a trip South with her husband. Mr. Sidney Small and his charming wife were Mrs. Robert A. Smith's guests that night, several smart people having vied in hospitality to the sparkling little lady from Washington, who is a prime favorite wherever she goes.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Ramsay have taken a suite in the Alexandra, where Mrs. Ramsay will receive on May 16, and not again this season.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Robertson have removed from Bedford road to their new home in Spadina road.

Chevalier and Madame Albertini will shortly go to their summer home in Cobourg.

Mrs. Rigby was up from Port Hope for a few days this week, looking remarkably well and glad to see her old Toronto friends.

Mrs. and Miss Lola Henderson will leave for Winnipeg on Tuesday should Mrs. Henderson feel able to undertake so long a journey, to visit Mrs. Galt (nee Henderson) in that city.

Miss Muriel Jarvis, daughter of Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis of St. George street, returned on Tuesday from a delightful visit to a school friend in Baltimore and a brief sojourn at the Capital of the United States.

The recital of *Enoch Arden* and *The Lament of Berghiot*, given on Tuesday evening by Mr. R. S. Pigott, with Mr. Frank Welsman at the piano, was an artistic delight, and the crowded hall at Conservatory was a testimony in advance to the conviction of the public that whatever Mr. Pigott does is worth hearing. His unerring taste and judgment of scenic effect was pleasantly set forth by the arrangement of the little stage, where most artistic grouping of flowers, ferns, rare pottery, and brass and a picture or two, a length of tapestry, and panels of rich green fastened over the organ case, united to make a picture of elegance and beauty. No footlights marred it, light being thrown stageward from the two great electrolights over the audience, which were shrouded in salmon-tinted silk opening toward the stage, and a large drop electric canopy with silk and trailing asparagus fern was tilted directly over the reciter to throw him into a soft glow of light and reveal every play of his expressive countenance. Anything more different from the usual crude glare of the stage could not be imagined. The other pendant electrolights on each side of the inner stage looked like huge Jap lanterns with their globes of soft salmon silk and trails of feathery ferns. The Norse Saga, with grim tragedy and stormy passion, fits Grieg's music, which is exquisitely pathetic, strong, and simple. The broken utterances of *Berghiot*, as she meets her bereavement of husband and son, her frenzied cry to the bonders for revenge on their slayers, and her afterthought of proud resignation and wail of desolation touched the hearers with strong feeling. *Enoch Arden* is so familiar, so sweet and human a poem that one loves to hear it again and again, and the Strauss music, played so beautifully by Mr. Welsman, with Mr. Pigott's exquisitely touching rendering of the lines, sent a good many of the more emotional into tears. The audience was a tribute to both the young men who did such able and delightful work, including representatives of the finest thought and culture in the city. Among those present were a party of pretty students from Miss Veal's seminary, who were enchanted with the evening; Mrs. Ahearn from Ottawa, who came with her friend, Miss Denzil, and parties from Westbourne School, Branksome Hall, and Bishop Strachan School, who made charming groups here and there. To give a list of those attending this recital would take up half a column.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto entertained at dinner, when covers were laid for twenty-four. The occasion was in honor of Mrs. and Miss Nicholson of New York, whose visit to Toronto, as the guests of Mr. Alfred Beardmore, has added a charming memory to Horse Show week. Some few young people came in after dinner and enjoyed a dance *impromptu*, in the large central hall of the beautiful home.

Miss Anna Jennings is leaving for a summer in England this week. She went down to bid good-bye to the Creelman family in Montreal yesterday, and will sail later. Miss Isabel Creelman is to go over later in the season, I believe.

Dr. and Mrs. Ivan Senkler of Vancouver have gone to New York, where the former is taking some course of study. Mrs. Senkler has spent nearly three months

with her father, Mr. Donald Mackay, at his home in Queen's Park, since New Year.

The stork's gift for Mr. and Mrs. Lissant Beardmore was a dainty wee girl, whose proportions give a notion that the fairies instead of the wise old bird must have brought her to town. However, "the best goods are done up in the smallest parcels," is an old Irish proverb illustrated in her case, and everyone says she's a dear little person.

Mrs. John King is coming to Toronto for the summer, and is house-hunting in advance. She will have friends visiting her during the season.

It is a pity that lovers of good work have not awakened to the fact that there is a fine collection of pictures, masterly paintings from the Glasgow studios, hanging in the Art Gallery, where, for a quarter one may have a great treat. The two salons are hung with paintings of rare interest, some of unique design and execution, which have cost a pot of money to bring over for Toronto to see, and Toronto hasn't opened more than one eye yet! An hour in the Art Gallery will be a source of great pleasure to visitors, and I hope now that Prince and horse have ceased to monopolize our friends of culture and beauty they will no longer overlook so worthy an opportunity of increasing their knowledge of what modern artists are achieving. Of course connoisseurs have seen and now and then purchased from this fine collection, but the public, which needs such interest much more, has not apparently considered viewing it.

Several pretty girls and their escorts have told me of good times enjoyed at the Parkdale roller skating rink and the sport of the middle sixties seems to have arrived once more on the scene. It bobs up at intervals in each century and the young folks attack it ardently. True it has this advantage, that weather is not able to spoil roller skating parties as it often did runner skating last season. Some of our young folks are adepts on the little wheels.

Mr. George Bruenech left for Winnipeg on Thursday, where he is to have an exhibition of his pictures, at 284 Portage avenue. On his return Mr. Bruenech will be at 11 Hazelton avenue.

On Wednesday afternoon an interesting wedding was solemnized in Bloor street Baptist church at three o'clock when Dr. Joseph Graham, son of the late J. E. Graham, M.D., and grandson of the late Senator Aikins, and Miss Janet Eleanor Boyd, youngest daughter of Sir John Boyd, were married, Rev. J. D. Freeman officiating. The church was prettily decorated with flowers and palms, and the music was good, Mr. Boyd, brother of the bride, singing a bridal song. Sir John brought in the bride, who wore white silk and chiffon with beautiful lace overgrown, tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried white roses and lily of the valley. Miss Elizabeth Boyd, her sister, was maid of honor, in white embroidered muslin, and lace hat with pink roses. Miss Florence Graham, the groom's sister, and Miss Edith Dalton were bridesmaids, in India mull frocks and white hats touched with pink. Dr. Arthur Wright was best man, and Dr. McKenzie, Dr. Goldie, Dr. Cronyn, and Mr. Edmund Boyd were ushers. Sir John and Lady Boyd afterwards received at their residence and the guests offered warm congratulations and good wishes to the young bride and groom, who went South later on for their honeymoon. Mrs. Graham wearing a blue *costume de voyage* with hat to match. On their return they will reside in College street. Many lovely gifts were presented on their bridal, and an unusual feeling of esteem is felt everywhere for Dr. Graham, who is all that is worthy in a man, and has in each relation of life proved himself a son fit to follow an exceedingly gifted father. The guests included some remarkably pretty women, among whom the daughters-in-law of Sir John and Lady Boyd were *facile princeps*.

The Toronto branch of the Dickens Fellowship has engaged Mr. Frank Speaight of London, England, to give a recital of *David Copperfield* in Guild Hall, on Thursday, 17th May. This will be the concluding entertainment of the branch for the season, and the proceeds are for the support of the Charles Dickens Cot in the Home for Incurable Children. Mr. Speaight ranks high among English platform men, and this will be his first appearance in Canada.

Commander and the Misses Whish have returned to their cottage near Allandale, on Lake Simcoe, for the summer.

Madame Lillian Nordica, who comes to Toronto on Tuesday next for her concert at Massey Hall, will be entertained during her visit to this city by her friend, Mrs. Victor Cawthra.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Boeckh will sail on May 10th from Montreal for a trip to England and the Continent, via C. P. R. steamer *Lake Manitoba*.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hamilton have gone to their summer place at Lorne Park. Mr. and Mrs. Smellie have gone to the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roaf of the St. George Apartments have returned from their visit to Southern California and Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Eaton, Mrs. Burnside and daughter, and Dr. Edmund King were a party that left this week for New York en route for England. Mr. J. C. Eaton accompanied the party as far as New York.

AN HISTORICAL POINT.

Acadia and the Expulsion of Its Early Inhabitants.

Historians have quarrelled for many years over the expulsion of the Acadians. Longfellow's view as expressed in *Evangeline* is not so generally accepted as it once was. It seems in the light of recently-discovered documents that the expulsion was a military necessity and that the main hardship on the people was the fact that they were compelled to leave such an ideal country. The Valley of Grand Pre is still notable for its scenery, though now it is the home of a busy and cultured people. At Wolfville, one of the largest towns, is situated the famous Acadia Seminary for Young Ladies. This is an institution which has won a high standing both in collegiate and artistic work. Particularly it is noted for its work in music. The Principal of the Conservatory is Mr. George Pratt Maxim, whose standing is well known to all the musicians of Canada. Mr. Maxim has studied in Europe and is a man of cultured taste and wide experience. The following letter sent by him to the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming speaks for itself:—"Gentlemen, I have carefully examined and tested the Gourlay piano, style 7, in our chapel and take pleasure in commending it as a most excellent instrument. The Gourlay piano is unquestionably superior to any other piano of Canadian manufacture and compares very favorably with the highest grade of pianos constructed anywhere."



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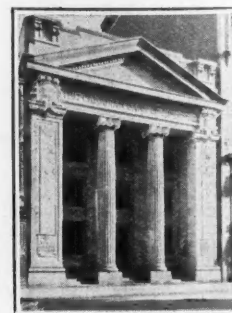
Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000. Rest, \$4,500,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

B. E. WALKER, General Manager.

ALEX. LAIRD, Asst. Gen'l Manager

YONGE AND QUEEN BRANCH



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Queen East, corner Grant street.
Market, 163 King street east.
Parliament street, corner Carlton st.

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Jules & Charles

Gray Hair Restorer

as used in our parlors with enormous success; 10 different shades; 1 box, \$2.50; 2 boxes, \$4.00.

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CAPITAL (Subscribed) \$2,500,000
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LOAN & SAVINGS COY.

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(MEMBERS TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE)
STOCK AND BOND BROKERS
46 KING STREET WEST

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Capital Paid-Up - \$1,000,000
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Assets exceed - \$40,000,000

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TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL

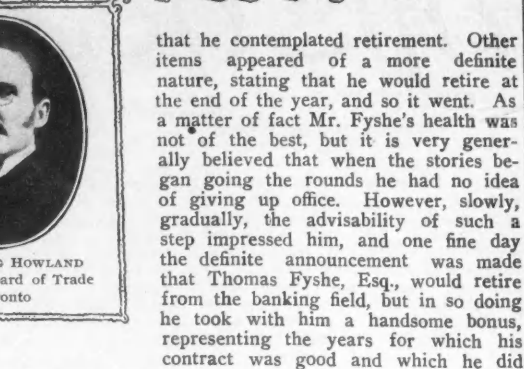
Montreal, May 3.
If Lieutenant-Colonel Fred C. Henshaw ever ceases to busy himself with the destinies of some eighteen big corporations in which he figures as officer or director, he might take to writing a volume incorporating the adventures through which he has passed in the last dozen years or so. "Of course Henshaw had to be in San Francisco when they had the earthquake," said a friend of his the other day. "They could not have an earthquake and a big fire unless Fred was on hand. When Henshaw goes travelling look out for 'ructions' of some sort." And it's true enough. When, three years ago, the R. & O. Company's steamer *Canada* was cut in two and sunk in the St. Lawrence by a collier, the Colonel was on board. Being a director of the company he naturally took more than passing interest in the occurrence—in fact he took command. One big brute in a frenzy that he might lose his life, made an attempt to get into a boat manned for the purpose of getting the women and children away from the sinking craft. Biff, went Henshaw's fist, and down went Mister Man from a fair one on the point of the jaw. An awful thing is a sinking steamer loaded down with passengers, and all this on a night as black as pitch. But Henshaw was as cool as if it was an everyday occurrence. He was not only master of himself but master of the craft, and those on board her as well. On another occasion an R. & O. steamer crashed into the sharp rocks on the shores of the Saguenay river. This time it was also night, and as black as the inside of one's hat. Henshaw was there, and again showed his coolness. It was mainly through his personal endeavors that no lives were lost and no one injured. Again, on an ocean liner, in serious trouble, Henshaw's nerve did not forsake him. He bolstered up the spirits of the other passengers, helped the officers, and all came out right in the end. When the motormen and conductors went on strike in Montreal some three years ago, Colonel Henshaw, who is one of the M. S. R. directors, was in the thick of everything. When a trial car, loaded with officers, started out, Henshaw could always be found right next the motorman, where danger was greatest. Here he would stand, coolly smoking his favorite briar pipe, with no thought, apparently, that a brick or a shot might come his way. Now he has gone through the California disaster, and for a time his family and friends feared that something serious had happened, but he turned up, or at least a long-delayed telegram did, and now he is on his way back to Montreal.

Thomas Fyshe, ex-general manager of the Merchants Bank of Canada, and ex-president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, has in hand a proposition for the merging of numerous small milling concerns, the idea being to organize a corporation with a capacity of some three thousand barrels of flour per day and a capitalization of \$1,500,000, or thereabouts. Thomas Fyshe's career, since he came here some years ago to take the general management of the Merchants Bank, upon the retirement of Mr. George Hague, has been a peculiar one. His methods as a banker, while undoubtedly sound, were such as to make him many enemies both inside that institution and out. Of course, he made a new valuation of the bank's assets, every new general manager does this, if opportunity offers. In this instance, however, he cut and slashed to such an extent that the stockholders began to believe that they would have nothing left. By nature he is a pessimist, and looked at everything through blue glasses. All manner of things had started on the down road to destruction, according to Thomas Fyshe's idea. Then, again, his treatment of customers, real or prospective, was such that business was driven from the bank rather than to it. Geniality is not one of Thomas Fyshe's strong points. He belonged to that generation of bankers who believed that customers should take off their boots at the front door and come into the sanctuary on hands and knees. As for an interview with the general manager, it was far easier to obtain an audience with King Edward.

As an instance of Mr. Fyshe's methods it might be mentioned that for a generation one of the city's large establishments had done the bank's printing. The new general manager worked a reform. He took the printing away from them, not to give to another Canadian firm, but send it forthwith to Scotland. Another matter of far more importance was Mr. Fyshe's connection with David Russell and the Lake of the Woods deal. A very large sum of money was necessary in order to negotiate this reorganization, and this was found in the vaults of the Merchants Bank of Canada by Thomas Fyshe. When Mr. Russell first approached Robert Meighen with an offer to buy out the Lake of the Woods Company, no one dreamed that the former, successful as he had been in smaller ventures, could raise the necessary capital. Russell made an offer. The sum was large, but not big enough. Mr. Meighen raised the limit a couple of hundred thousand, with never an idea that Russell could take hold, but he did, and paid the cash. It then developed that Fyshe was back of the deal, and in the reorganization, which is said to have netted Russell close on to a million dollars, the general manager of the Merchants became the president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company.

Here he remained until pressure was brought to bear and finally the securities which were lying in the vaults of the Merchants passed from the hands of Fyshe back to the former owners. Then Mr. Fyshe backed down and out as president of the Lake of the Woods, and Robert Meighen assumed his old position as the head of the concern. It is not to be presumed that Mr. Fyshe was altogether pleased with the manner in which matters were finally adjusted, and this may be the reason, or at least one of them, why he will now head a rival concern.

The retirement of Mr. Fyshe from the position of general manager of the Merchants was rather peculiar and not without its really funny side. Some of the directors of the Merchants reached the conclusion that the retirement of Mr. Fyshe was necessary. He was under long contract, and therefore could not well be forced out. So other means were adopted. Small items began to appear in the daily press reporting that Thomas Fyshe's health was not good. Next came a vague rumor



MR. PELEG HOWLAND
President Board of Trade
Toronto

that he contemplated retirement. Other items appeared of a more definite nature, stating that he would retire at the end of the year, and so it went. As a matter of fact Mr. Fyshe's health was not of the best, but it is very generally believed that when the stories began going the rounds he had no idea of giving up office. However, slowly, gradually, the advisability of such a step impressed him, and one fine day the definite announcement was made that Thomas Fyshe, Esq., would retire from the banking field, but in so doing he took with him a handsome bonus, representing the years for which his contract was good and which he did not serve.

Since Thomas Fyshe's retirement, methods at the Merchants Bank of Canada have undergone a change. In banking circles generally the glad hand has quite superseded the frosty stare.

Toronto, May 3.

There is a good deal of quiet discussion in financial quarters of the probable result of the San Francisco fire on the general situation.

Less is openly said about the result to mercantile credits and the banking situation in New York, but considerable thought is given to these features. While it will not be known for some weeks what is the exact loss sustained by the fire companies in the great conflagration, leading underwriters believe that it will reach \$125,000,000. That would exceed the damage wrought by any previous fire in the United States. The Chicago fire of 1871 entailed an insurance loss of \$100,000,000, the Boston fire of 1872, \$56,000,000, and the Baltimore fire \$40,000,000. The total property loss in all cases was far in excess of the net insurance loss as stated above. The British companies' losses in San Francisco will be \$50,000,000 or more, and it is reasonably certain that all claims will be paid on demand. But there is uncertainty about the status of some of the American companies, and the security markets suffered to some extent by rumors concerning these. The large amounts of British gold shipped to this side caused for a short time an easier feeling in money, but time loans command 6 per cent. On investigation, it is said that the assets of the fire companies include but a small proportion of investments in railway shares, and consequently holders of such securities should have no fear of the converting of these issues into cash. As a precaution, several of the fire companies already have borrowed money at 6 per cent. for a period of nine months, so as to avoid sacrificing stocks.

Fortunately for Toronto there were not many operators caught this time in the vortex of speculation. No doubt quite a number have been holding securities on margin for some time past, but as compared with 1903 the number is small indeed. Within the week numerous calls for more margin went forth from the brokers' offices, but in most cases the operators responded nobly. For all this, however, some stocks had to be sold, and of course prices declined. The rumor is that one large local operator, who deals mostly in New York securities, dropped about \$75,000 within a couple of weeks or so. The losses were more general in Montreal, where dealings had of late been carried on more recklessly than here. Toronto appears to have become wiser, and is profiting by the experience of three years ago. Real estate and Cobalt seem to be getting the pull among our get-rich-quick citizens.

While the banking capital in Canada has increased considerably of late years, its growth has been slow in proportion to the enormous increase in business. This fact is not to be ignored by the financial interests of the country. Inflated values are the result of this great extension in credits. In drawing attention to this matter I do not want to be regarded as a pessimist. My only object is to suggest that precautionary measures may be taken which will avert or at least reduce to a minimum any unforeseen trouble that may arise in the business world in the future. The paid-up capital of the chartered banks in Canada now amount to \$87,300,000 as compared with \$62,100,000 in 1896, or an increase of \$25,200,000 in ten years. Loans and discounts aggregate \$265,350,000 as against \$221,700,000 ten years ago, an increase of \$43,650,000. In other words, banking capital increased 40 per cent. in the past ten years, while loans and discounts gained 182 per cent. While the growth of deposits has practically kept pace with the increase in loans, this enormous expansion is highly suggestive and demonstrates excessive inflation. The latest report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows almost identical changes in the condition of banks in the United States. Of course the steady increase in immigration, along with big crops, will help to even up matters, and prolong the period of good times.

The price movements in Canadian Pacific have been more erratic than usual this week. The heavy selling in London and New York accounts for this. The property is in better shape than ever before, and the earnings are showing up better than many sanguine stockholders had anticipated. For the nine months of the fiscal year gross earnings amount to over \$45,000,000, and there is every reason to believe that they will reach \$60,000,000 for the year. Net earnings for March were \$1,844,000 and for nine months \$16,505,000, with a likelihood of over \$20,000,000 for the year. This indicates a net increase for the year of over \$7,000,000. Traction stocks declined several points this week, with considerable realizing by operators who had expected better things. The earnings of all the companies are the greatest in their history. For the four months ended April 30th, Toronto Railway took \$911,507 in fares, which is an increase of \$120,830 as compared with the corresponding month of last year.

The local Board of Trade has greatly added to its membership this year. On December 31st last Large increase the number of members was 623, and in Members. Secretary Morley now announces that 1,290 members are at present on the rolls, the number being more than doubled in four months. This is a very encouraging statement, and the officers are to be congratulated on their success. The initiation fee of \$100 was on the first of the month increased to \$200.

The *Chicora*, of the Niagara Navigation Company, made her first trip of the season on Tuesday, just fifteen days earlier than last year. A good season is expected, and an unusually large number of excursions have already been booked. Last year this company did the largest business on record, and Manager B. W. Folger fully anticipates 1906 to be a record-breaker.

The Northern Navigation Company, which has as president the enterprising Mr. H. C. Hammond, is again branching out this season. The control of the company

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President. J. Turnbull, Vice-Prest. and General Manager.

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We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

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Interest allowed in SAVINGS DEPARTMENT on deposits of ONE DOLLAR and upwards.

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"QUAINT"

The importance of pleasant surroundings is realized when one lunches or dines at

The
St. Charles
Grill

Everything's "Dutch" but the cooking—and THAT is so good that any country would be glad to claim it.

is in good hands, and, what is more, they inspire confidence in the shareholders. Traffic Manager C. H. Nicholson this week concluded arrangements for wharfage at Detroit and Windsor for the Northern Navigation Co.'s new steamboat service between Detroit, Kincardine, and way ports.

Secretary Ogden.

The active secretary of the Stock Exchange, Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, who has been confined to the house for about six weeks through a serious illness, is again attending to business. The popularity of Mr. Ogden was demonstrated by the hearty welcome he received on his return from the members and others in the financial district. Mr. Ogden has served the Exchange for over twenty-five years, and it is hoped he will be able to give his valuable services for many years to come.

Bryan and the Goat.

Last year William Jennings Bryan visited Cornell University. While being entertained at dinner by a prominent legal fraternity he told the following story on himself: "Once out in Nebraska I went to protest against my real estate assessment, and one of the things of which I particularly complained was assessing a goat at twenty-five dollars. I claimed that a goat was not 'real' property in the legal sense of the word, and should not be assessed. One of the assessors, a very pleasant-

faceted old man, very obligingly said that I could go upstairs with him, and together we would look over the rules and regulations, and see what could be done.

We looked over the rules, and finally the old man asked: "Does your goat run loose on the roads?" "Well, sometimes," said I, wondering what the penalty was for that dreadful offence. "Does he butt?" again queried the old man. "Yes," I answered, "he butts." "Well," said the old man, looking at me, "this rule says, tax all that certain property running and abutting on the highway. I don't see that I can do anything for you, good day, sir." —Lippincott's.

According to Signs.

An Irishman was walking along a road beside a golf links when he was suddenly struck between the shoulders by a golf ball. The force of the blow almost knocked him down. When he recovered he observed a golfer running toward him. "Are you hurt?" asked the player. "Why didn't you get out of the way?" "An' why should I get out of the way?" asked Pat. "I didn't know there were any assassins round here." "But I called 'fore,'" said the player, "and when I say 'fore,' that is a sign for you to get out of the way." "Oh, it is, is it?" said Pat. "Well, thin, when I say 'foive,' it is a sign that you are going to get hit on the nose. 'Foive.'" —New York "World."

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You know there is nothing so bad for health as a Disordered Stomach or Liver.

You know, too, there is nothing so good for Bad Stomach and Liver as ABBEY'S SALT.

It's a habit of health to take ABBEY'S SALT.

25c and 50c a bottle

AT ALL DRUGGISTS



The Best Underwear To-Day —Ellis Spring Needle Ribbed

—made on the celebrated Cooper Spring Needle Circular Machine. The only Underwear in Canada made on this machine.

Cool, elastic, snug, comfortable.

Stretch it—and it springs back into shape at once—no matter how long or hard the strain.

For men and women. Two-piece and Union Suits. The Ellis fabric, knit on the spring needle, makes the only perfect union suit.

Ask your dealer. And write for free booklet with sample of fabric.

The Ellis Mfg. Co., Limited
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Jaeger Pure Wool UNDERWEAR



The superior qualities of durability and comfort are due to the absolute purity of the wool and the peculiar method of weaving. This stockinet web not only fits every part of the body in a perfect manner but aids the evaporation of the body's moisture which keeps the skin dry, cool, and comfortable in summer.

Every garment is flawless, and worth many times its cost in increased health alone.

From leading dealers in all principal cities, or write for Catalogue No. 31.

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Special purchase English Oxford and Zephyr materials, in neat checks and stripes—\$1.50 Suit.

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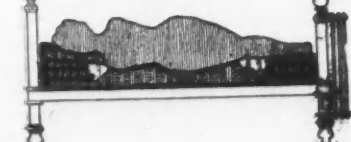
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You can't do good work if you don't get good sleep.

And you can't get good sleep on anything but a Marshall Sanitary Mattress.

It fits.

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Treating all Diseases of Women

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667 BATHURST STREET

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NO VIBRATORS

NO HYPNOTISM

Athletics

The Marathon Race.

THE victory of William J. Sherring of Hamilton in the famous Marathon race last Tuesday at the Olympic games will be a matter of patriotic pride to all Canadians. Victory in this event is the greatest honor to be won at this international athletic festival, and the fact that Sherring was the only Canadian entry in a field of forty-eight competitors, the pick of the long-distance runners of Europe and America, adds all the more distinction to his performance.

To find the origin of this race one has to go back to the dim mists of antiquity, when, in 490 B.C., Miltiades and the Athenians defeated the invading Persians on the shores of the small bay of Marathon, where Mount Farnes and Mount Helicon sloped down to the sea. When the battle was over, Pheidippides was dispatched to Athens, almost 26 miles away, with the news, and so the story goes, expired in the market place, having just managed to gasp, "Rejoice; victory is ours!" His fame has been fitly commemorated by Browning in a poem of the same name. This tale, whether true or not, was one of the heroic legends which nourished Athenian patriotism for centuries afterwards. There is something in it that appeals even to the modern imagination, and makes the Marathon race of to-day, though, properly speaking, it had no prototype in the ancient Olympic contests, appear the truest and noblest type of Greek athletics.

The modern Olympic games are not held on the site of the old; but the modern Marathon race is run over practically the same country and distance as that through which the Athenian messenger coursed "like fire through the stubble," with tidings of victory. This makes for enthusiasm amongst a people which is trying to revive its past. The scene as the 150,000 spectators in the marble amphitheater and on the surrounding hills eagerly watched for the finish of the race, and saw the first solitary runner appear on the crest of the distant hills and descend the long, dusty slopes into the stadium, must have been memorable in the extreme. Our now famous Canadian runner could not well hope for any greater triumph than to be the cynosure of the eyes of such an assembly, and to win so famous a race.

It goes without saying that Mr. Sherring's triumph will be appreciated here in Canada, and especially in Hamilton, his native place. Of course, there will be people unfeeling enough to say, "Why make a fuss over a mere foot race?" The extravagant worship of athletics is undoubtedly senseless, but Canadians of any sentiment will see in a Canadian victory, under these circumstances, a true cause for national exultation. The Americans have won more prizes than any other nation, but we have secured the choicest laurel of the Olympic contests, the Marathon race. This is, one might be justified in saying, the greatest international distinction a Canadian has ever won in any line of sport. Running is one of the oldest and most reputable of sports, for it requires, especially in long-distance events, the highest qualities of the athlete, speed, skill, and endurance.

Sherring had won considerable fame as a long-distance runner. He is twenty-seven years old, and has been racing the past eight years, during which time he has, though not always victorious, defeated some of the best long-distance runners on this side of the Atlantic. His victory is immensely popular in Hamilton, and it is quite safe to predict that on his return, his native town will give him a reception greater than any to prince or millionaire, a reception worthy of an Olympic hero.

The Opening of the Yachting Season.

THIS is the season of the year when the young and ardent yachtsman's fancies turn to thoughts of his graceful craft, which, all winter long, has stood bleak and ugly, high and dry, on the shore. A yacht out of water, supported on rough trestles, with a dingy sheathing of weather-beaten boards covering the deck, stripped of its towering spars, is the most desolate object imaginable, but under full sail, before a brisk breeze, wet by the flying spray, it comes not far short, as yachtsmen declare, of being the very poetry of motion. Accordingly, when the water becomes once more navigable in spring, it is at once a privilege and a duty to release these poor stranded barks from endurance vile, and restore them to the element in which alone they are beautiful and graceful.

Before, however, the yacht takes the water, there is need of much preparation before she is seaworthy. All winter long the moth and rust have wrought havoc on paint and calking, and happy is the owner if dry rot, that insidious disease which crumbles the stoutest timbers, has not set in. If the boat has been given proper shelter and ventilation, it will be sound enough, even if bedraggled in appearance. In most cases the only need is a good cleansing with soap and water and pumice stone, and then all the ornamentation of paint, gilt, and varnish, in order that the yacht may be properly decked in festive attire for the ceremony of the annual launching. Boats are human in that they need new attire with which to begin the year auspiciously. Heaven help the craft that has to re-

turn to the water with all the dust and soiled the winter months have accumulated. Gloomy are its auspices, and it has little hope of a prosperous and happy future. Coal barges and stone-boats may go season after season, happy and contented, though unkempt and unshorn, but to a pleasure-craft, fresh paint, well-scrubbed decks, and immaculate sails are the very breath of existence.

Walking along the water-front these bright May days, one can see dozens of amateur yachtsmen busily engaged in fitting out their boats for the coming season. Some of them have modest little dinghies, some more pretentious thirty-footers, but there are few whose bank accounts allow them to accept the tender graces of boat-builders and marine outfitters. They prefer to do the work themselves, and the pride of ownership gives them a joy in the task. One sees them hard at work with scrub-brush and sponge, calking-iron and paint-brush, hoisting canvas, scraping hulls and spars, cleansing the interior of cabins and scattering the contents of the paint-pot with a liberal hand. You can tell by a glance that they are amateurs, but they work with a zeal and energy no professional painter or carpenter can surpass. I saw two youths lying full length in the hot sun underneath their boat's keel, painting with fine, free strokes that won my admiration. They were prodigal of paint and bestowed as much upon their hair and clothing as upon their boat—in fact, the paint flew about so vigorously that I feared to come near to urge them to economy—but their energy was not without result. The hull every minute was taking on more glistening hues, and I feel sure the boys were already fondly thinking of the not-distant day when their craft would be the cynosure of all eyes, among the white-sailed armada of our harbor. These are the type of yachtsmen with whom one feels sympathy at once, those who take pleasure in everything connected with a boat, even in the painting of it.

In the large boat-builders' docks one can see big steam yachts, cruising schooners, and racing machines being put into commission. Here are skilled workmen busily employed polishing brasses, installing engines, or stretching sails. Here, too, one can hear of peak halyards, gaffs, booms, stays, and other nautical terms in profusion, and see the splicing of wonderful knots. In the big shipyard, as well as in the humble boat-houses, the mystical glamor of the lake haze and the voice of the fresh water seas are inciting to energy and haste. The numberless pleasures of a "wet sheet and a flowing sea" lie out there in the offing, and yachtsmen are now making ready to receive them.

The Cricket Umpire.

SOME one has said that the height of human ambition is the power to mould the destinies of others. There is no gainsaying this dictum. It has too often been exemplified by the careers of judges, statesmen, and kings, by colossal military tyrants, by petty household tyrants, by every monopolist who uses his stranglehold on the necessities of life as a lever to wealth and power. This is the power for good, illustrated by philosophers, poets, and reformers, who direct human destinies by sheer force of intellect and persuasion. These, however, are grand characters which, like a geometric point, have only an axiomatic existence. The world may be full of them, but they are not visible to the eye. On the other hand there is a moulder of destiny, an arbiter of fate, who bulks large to view, namely he who is called umpire.

The boys on the corner lot call him "Empire." There is a world of meaning in the perverted phrase. The quick discerning mind of youth seizes the salient phase of the character, notes his sovereign authority, and salutes him with the imperial name. Accordingly, the boy cannot see how "umpire" can be anything but "empire." Try to convince him of his error, and see how he scoffs you. "Aw go on," he will say, "what yer givin' us? He's the empire." Ah, happy youth, who would deceive you? Play on in blissful innocence; call the ruler of the game "empire" if you will, but be sure to go out quietly when the empire gives you out.

"Empire," umpire, what matters it? What's in a name? A judge, be he



Caddie (with sudden inspiration)—I know, guv'nor. Let's put the ball where you are hitting—"Tatler."

called "Your Honor," or "My Lord," is still a judge. The umpire, however addressed, is still a judge of play, a maker or marrier of men, a modern centurion, with power to bind or to loose. There are so many kinds of umpires: baseball, lacrosse, hockey, cricket, up and down the scale, from a croquet match to army manoeuvres, one is apt to get bewildered in thinking of them all. So, to simplify matters, I shall put under the microscope the one I am most familiar with, that is, the cricket umpire.

Looking upon umpires as primarily moulders of destiny and rulers of men, one must describe them in terms of their leading characteristic. Accordingly, I define the cricket umpire as a constitutional monarch. He must rule according to the constitution, the rescripta and the edicta which the parliament of cricket representatives from year to year enact. He has power to enforce and to interpret, but not to make laws. His power is only that of public opinion, he is the channel through which that stream flows. Men obey him because in him they obey the law which they themselves made. Thus it is an axiom of the cricket field never to dispute the umpire's decision. This makes umpiring an honor and a privilege, and the decorum and good feeling of a cricket match shows that even in sport constitutional government is best.

The baseball umpire, on the other hand, may be called a president of a democracy. He rules according to a constitution with even greater powers to bind or to loose than the cricket umpire, but he has none of the divinity which hedges a king. There is nothing sacred about his office. He is no better than his subjects, and they hoot and jeer and hiss him when he displeases them. Now a popular idol and now a public reproach, that is the fate of a president of a democracy. Every act of his is publicly criticized. He ever fears a revulsion of public favor, a fall from office; he has ever before his eyes that memento mori, "remember death," which the Persian king heard daily from his slave.

A football or hockey umpire, or referee as he is called, is a sort of military dictator. He derives his power from the law, but has the infliction of punishment in his own hands. He rules as Cromwell did, justly enough, but by force of arms and the terror of penalties. He is, were, always to fear rebellions, and can never relax his vigilance. Like most dictators, he is a stern, gloomy man, seemingly imperturbable, but with a secret fear at heart. He has no time for smiles and pleasantries, and resents the least familiarity. How different from the genial, friendly cricket umpire.

There is another kind of umpire, who officiates at billiard matches and chess games, a useless dignitary, whose duties are nil. He resembles somewhat the mayor of a small town, who only exists as a concession to the usages of municipal government which require a figurehead.

Thus, we see that umpires are of varying powers, ranging from those of a military dictator to those of a municipal figurehead. Yet of all these the cricket umpire is the only one we can love with the love that is not fear or the familiarity that is not contempt. Constitutional though he be, he is nevertheless a mighty moulder of destinies. It rests with him to say whether a man shall be ignominiously dismissed the first ball or shall remain the long hours of a pleasant summer afternoon blissfully making runs and winning fame. On him wicket-keepers depend for reputations as "stumpers," and fielders for the glory of neat throws to the wicket. When a bowler has bowled long, weary overs to a well-set batsman, using all his cunning, bowling now on the off, now on the wicket, with good length balls and yorkers, with various breaks and change of pace, and has at length got the batter leg before to a straight one, which seemed a twister as it left his hand, all his success depends upon the word of the umpire. A wave of his hand means a wicket, thrice precious because it has cost already over one hundred runs. A shake of his head means fresh toil in the blazing sun and that terrible increase of average which bowlers dread. At this psychological moment no man has greater power than the cricket umpire to turn to gladness or sorrow, to give failure or success. Solemnly he gives his verdict, "out" or "not out." If "out," the weary fielders forget their weariness; if "not out," the flushed batsman grasps eagerly at his reprieve as drowning men at a straw. But whatever way it goes, both fielders and batsmen enjoy the sublime spectacle of justice swaying power. He decides after of fate decides only as justice wills.

This, of course, is the cricket umpire at his best. What he is at his worst is a thing abominable to gods and men, a capricious demon of chance, who knows neither reason nor equity. When the bad umpire stands at the wickets, batters with a penchant for l.b.w.'s shake in their shoes, and see already the glaring zero of the score-board, sharp-practising wicket-keepers stand ready to kick off the bails or crack their gloves, and the whole field takes a deep breath in order to howl forth an unanimous appeal. Such an umpire is somewhat lower than the lowest of the fallen angels, curses not loud but deep are his meed of praise; but, such is the virtue of a constitutional monarchy, he gets knee-crooked courtesy none the less.

This is the tribute to the cricket umpire's prestige as a moulder of destinies, this is the marvel of cricket, that even at his worst he receives obedience, and no word of protest is raised.

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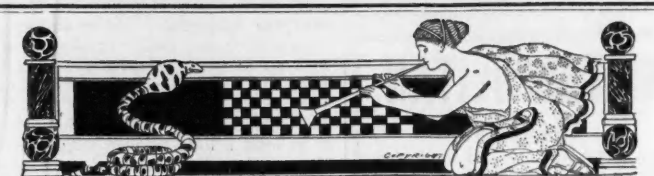
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A Possibility.

The half-back seized the ball and made a superb rush down the field. The crowd went wild, but, when the cheers of applause had subsided, it was apparent that the ball had not been "in play."

"Oh, dear, what does he have to bring the ball back for?" asked one lady of another.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the reply, "unless he's got an encore."—Exchange.

A Happy Thought.

A well-known Boston writer tells, with glee, of a neat sally on the part of his nine-year-old son, who is a pupil in a private school at the Hub.

Appropos of something or other, the teacher had quoted the line, "In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as 'fail.'"

At this point the lad mentioned arose and politely made known his desire to offer an observation with reference to the maxim.

"It occurs to me, sir," said he, "that if such is the case, it might be advisable to bring the omission to the attention of the publishers of that lexicon."

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The Golden Lizard Mine

BY NORMAN WESTFORD.

TWO men sitting outside the doorway of a wooden shanty on the outskirts of a small mining camp were watching the sun sink in the west. Chance had thrown them together many years before, and their partnership had ripened into such friendship that men wondered.

"Well, Jack, old man, guess I'll saunter down to the saloon." The speaker rose and stretched six feet of well-developed humanity. "Say, Jack, I've been thinkin'." He hesitated, then added quickly, after a gulp, "I've been thinkin' of settlin' down. Gettin' married."

"An' might I ask the name of the lady you intend to honor?"

"Why, sure! It's old Scotty Wilson's daughter, Ida."

"Oh! So that's the reason you have been droppin' in to the saloon to see the boys so frequent. Have you asked her yet?"

"I reckon."

"An' what did she say?"

"Well, old chap, I haven't kep' any secrets from you."

"Did she say 'Yes'?" persisted Jack.

"Well, she didn't exactly say 'Yes,' but it's practically settled. She wants a day or two to think it over. You know what gals is."

Jack was on his feet. His eyes blazed.

"What's wrong with you, Jack? Ain't you well?"

"Nothin' the matter with me," said Jack fiercely, "but I'll ask you not to be so free with the lady's name."

"I don't see what it's to do with you."

"You don't? Well, I'm tellin' you, I've asked Ida Wilson to be my wife!"

"An' she gave you the mitten, I suppose. Well, I'm sorry, old man, but we can't both—"

"Not by a long sight. An' if you want to know, I've sent East for a ring, an' it's all goin' to be fixed up on Sunday."

Dick strode up to his partner, and for a few moments stood glaring at him speechlessly. Then, in measured tones he said: "Seems we are both on the same tack and are both to have our answer in a couple of days. Well, there's only one that's goin' to ask for an answer, an' man to man, between ourselves we'll settle who that one is to be."

"Anywhere an' any time you like."

"To-morrow," growled Dick.

"It's all the same to me," replied Jack, and turning on his heel he walked off towards the camp.

Dick took the opposite direction. Presently he fell asleep under the stars, and early next morning, whilst the dawn was still grey, returned to the shanty. He found Jack, seated at the small packing-case which did duty as a table, laboriously writing.

"Hullo!" said Dick. "Ready?"

"Jus' finished. This paper says we've decided to part, an' you have bought my share of the mine. Receipt for dust, in payment, duly acknowledged."

"Bright idea. I'll write you one. May come in handy if any questions asked."

Whilst Dick was writing, the other man went to the corner of the room where they kept their mining tools, and carefully selected a spade.

"Guess one of us 'll want buryin' pretty soon," he explained, in answer to his partner's inquiring glance.

Dick's writing finished, the two men exchanged documents, looked up the shanty, and started out. For an hour and a half they walked on in sullen silence, each busy with his own thoughts. At length, as if by mutual consent, they paused in a sandy valley among the foot-hills of the mountain range which rose abruptly from the plains.

"How about settlin' it here?" inquired Dick.

"It's all the same to me. Measure out the distance."

Dick paced out twenty yards, and marked the spots by setting pieces of flat rock upright in the sand. "Give you your choice of ends."

"No thanks! We'll toss for choice."

A coin was spun, and Dick won. "I suppose," he said, "I suppose we can't settle this business without a shootin' match?"

"Guess not," replied his partner. "Unless you care to clear right out of the country."

Dick muttered an oath and walked to his post, drew his revolver, and examined the cartridges. "Let's get it over," he said.

"There ain't anybody to start the shoot," objected his partner.

"Never mind. Put yer gun on the ground two feet in front of you; then count three, an' we'll begin shootin'."

FOUND OUT

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee a nurse of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion. While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum Food Coffee, for they drank it altogether in place of ordinary coffee. In two weeks, after using Postum, I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion."

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used."

"I observe a curious fact about Postum used among mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness."

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. They most always serve it before it has been boiled long enough. It should be boiled 15 or 20 minutes and served with cream, when it is certainly a delicious beverage."

"There's a reason" for Postum.

"Suit me all right, 'cept I ain't goin' to do the countin'." You count."

"Not me!"

"Who's goin' to start us, then?"

"Dyer see that lizard, half-way between us, sunnin' 'imself on the rock. The moment he moves a step, the fight begins. How'll that suit you?"

"I agree," replied Jack.

Both men crouched down, like sprinters starting for a race. They stretched out their hands, the more ready to grasp the weapons at the instant the reptile should unconsciously give the signal. Half a minute, then a minute, elapsed, but the lizard did not move. With straining eyes the men watched the little animal, but it remained motionless, and, save for the quick fluttering of its throat, might have been mistaken for a lizard cunningly wrought in bronze.

The minute became two, and still no signal was given. The breath of the two men came thickly, and the sweat stood in beads on their brows.

The glare of the bright sunlight from the sand and the strain of watching for the slightest movement of the reptile ten yards distant from him, began to have a mesmeric effect upon Jack. His senses seemed to be numbed, but his nerves tingled.

He saw only the lizard and his rival; the rest of the world was blotted out. The next moment he could no longer see the lizard. Why did not Dick fire? He blinked his eyes to clear his sight. Ah! He could see again now; the lizard was still sunning itself on the same slab of rock. Jack meant to kill the man crouching in front of him, but he meant to kill him fairly.

"Suppose," he asked himself, "that he lost sight of the lizard again, and fired too soon?" The thought unnerved him. He wondered vaguely whether it was fear that caused his outstretched arm to shake.

Of course, he was not afraid, he told himself. The silence oppressed him; he wanted to shout at the motionless creature; instead, he began to curse it silently. What right had it to keep him in this agony of uncertainty?

"Say, Dick; that beast's a pretty durned lazy sort o' cuss! What's the matter with gettin' the grave ready first?"

"All the same to me."

Jack heard a man hears when recovering from the effects of an anaesthetic. He pulled himself together with an effort.

Dick picked up the spade. "Anywhere hereabouts will do," he said. "It won't take long to scoop out a hole in this sand, and we can chuck some rocks on top to keep the coyotes from clawin' it up."

He marked out a narrow rectangle, and began to shovel the wind-blown sand. For some minutes he worked steadily. The sand soon gave place to a fire gravel.

"Jack," he said presently, pausing in his work; "this gravel looks mighty likely stuff." He placed a small handful of the material on the spade and passed it to his partner.

Jack examined the sample and nodded. "Ought to carry gold, right enough," he said. "There's a stream a little way back; we might as well just try it."

"I reckon," assented Dick. Kneeling down by a still pool, Jack began to wash the sample with a dexterous rocking movement of his shovel. The finest washing removed the lighter portions of the material and freed from grit the larger pebbles. These pebbles Jack picked carefully out and threw them aside. He continued his washing, eliminating by degrees the smaller pebbles and coarse sand, then, giving his shovel a final swirl and pouring off the water, he handed the sample to his partner.

"By James! That looks all right. Wonder how many 'weights it goes," exclaimed Dick. "Let's try again."

A second sample was washed, and the result made the eyes of both men gleam.

"Dick, my boy; we've struck it rich at last. This is the . . . biggest . . . thing . . . between here and beyond!" Jack made a hasty survey of the surroundings. "An' it would be no trick at all, he said, 'to flume all the water we want right on to the spot, and everything else is dead in our favor.'"

"In favor of one of us!" corrected Dick grimly.

"D—n! I forgot that," muttered his partner. "But it'll take two men to work this show."

"Don't know who we could ask. There ain't no man in the whole bunch that I'd trust with six bits."

"Nor me neither," rejoined Jack, thinking deeply. "Say!" he suggested; "suppose we couldn't adjourn the shootin' competition for a couple of months?"

"Well, it does seem kind o' like temptin' Providence to chuck away a chance like this. Added to which," said Dick, speaking very slowly, "added to which, now I come to think

of it, I don't know as I am so durned set on the gal, anyway."

"There is others," admitted Jack; "an' maybe we've been a bit hasty."

So the duel was postponed sine die, and the partners fell to discussing their new project. Several trial holes were made, samples taken, and the holes filled in again. The limits of their claim were decided upon and staked out and the necessary notice was written and affixed to one of the stakes. These details took time, and it was long past noon before the prospectors started home, with samples of the auriferous gravel carefully wrapped up in their pockets.

As they approached their shanty a horseman hailed them: "Hullo, you sportsmen, where have you been off to? Heard the news? What? Why the Doc is goin' to get spliced to old Scotty Wilson's gal."

"You don't say!" said Jack. "Guess we'll be comin' along just directly to honor the event in a befitting manner."

"You bet!" added Dick.

"Right—O!" shouted back the rider, setting spurs to his horse. "We'll paint the old town a particular bright shade o' red ter night!"

Inside the shanty the partners gazed at each other for some moments, then a loud shout of laughter from Jack broke the silence. "By gosh!" he said, "we came pretty near makin' a mess of it. What a dam' good job that lizard didn't leg it!"

"You're right there, pard," responded Dick. "The Mail goes out to-morrow, an' I'll toss you who goes down to Smithsonville to record our claim to the Golden Lizard Mine."

"Grand Magazine" for May.

Wanted Further Orders.

Senator Tillman was accusing a political leader of overbearing, arbitrary methods.

"He goes too far," said the Senator. "He is like the militia captain they used to have in Concord."

"This man came to Concord with a war record, and got a captain's appointment in the militia."

"He was a martinet. The first day he reviewed his company he examined every hair of their heads, every button on their coats. It was an ordeal for them."

"On the whole the captain was pleased with his inspection. One thing dissatisfied him, though. His men all had clean-shaven upper lips. Some had side whiskers, some had mutton chops, some had goatees, some had patriotic chin beards. There was not one who had a mustache."

"The captain complimented his company in a short speech, and concluded by saying: 'Only one thing is lacking to make a crack, martial-looking company of you—mustaches. I want every man Jack of you to raise a mustache.'"

"At this order the men looked at one another, and a young farmer, stepping out from the ranks, saluted and said: 'What color will you have them, sir?'—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

On the Sea Wall.

They were sitting side by side; He sighed, and she sighed; Said he, "My dearest, I do!"

He idled, and she idled; "On my soul there's such a weight;" He waited, and she waited; "I'd ask your hand, so bold I've grown;"

He groaned and she groaned; "You shall have your private gig;" He giggled, and she giggled; Said she, "My dearest, I do!"

He looked and she looked; "I'll have thee if thou wilt;" He wilted, and she wilted.

—Sunset Magazine.

Never Touched Him.

Captain Ryan, the new British naval attaché, said at a dinner in Washington:

"The strength of the heads of some of our old-school farmers is quite incredible. At a harvest supper, a feast similar in its way to your Thanksgiving dinner, there was an old farmer who drank a good deal of champagne. The moment his glass was filled he would toss it off, and then, of course, it would be filled again. But the old fellow grew quieter and quieter the more champagne he drank. A frown settled on his forehead. His eyes flashed angrily under his heavy gray brows. Finally, when the waiter filled his glass with wine for the twelfth or thirteenth time, he shook his head and said:

"James, when are you going to put the whiskey on the table? These minerals are getting tedious."

Washington "Post."

Conjugation of the word "bus." To kiss: Buss—A kiss. Rebus—To kiss again. Pluribus—To kiss many times. Syllabus—To kiss a homely girl. Blunderbus—To kiss the wrong person. Omnibus—To kiss everybody. Erubus—To kiss in the dark.

—Saturday Evening Post.



IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

The Leading Man (at liberty and at home)—What game is that you are playing, my children?

His Eldest—No game, Pop. We're learnin' to be actors. —"Puck."

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Resuscitated.

A tall thin doctor in the town had an office, out of which a door led into a small laboratory. One day, while working there, an Italian fruit-seller entered the office. Finding the room deserted, he turned to leave, but by mistake opened the door to the doctor's closet, in which was a human skeleton, in all its awfulness. The sight was too much for the poor Italian. Dropping his basket of fruit, he made his escape in a panic. The doctor heard the commotion, and came from his laboratory to see what the matter was. The open closet door and the fruit scattered on the floor instantly explained the situation. He went to the window, and saw the frightened Italian standing on the sidewalk below, looking up at the window.

"Come up," said the doctor, at the same time beckoning with his long bony finger.

"No, you don't," exclaimed the fellow, shaking his head. "I know you, if you have got your clothes on!"—New York "Sun."

Mr. Misfit (savagely)—Before I married you was there any doddering idiot gone on you?

Mrs. Misfit—There was one. Mr. Misfit—I wish to goodness you'd married him!

Mrs. Misfit—I did!—"Tit-Bits."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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Points About People.

Rev. Robert E. Knowles of Galt, author of *St. Cuthbert's*, a book that has scored considerable success, preached morning and evening last Sunday in St. Paul's, the new Presbyterian church in Bathurst street, of which Rev. G. R. Fasken is pastor. The church was crowded at both services, and it was apparent that many who had read the book were present, curious to see and hear the author. In appearance Mr. Knowles reminds one of E. S. Willard to some extent. It is interesting to hear that there are some people in the kirk who complain of Mr. Knowles that in his sermons he uses the arts of the actor to accomplish desired effects. It may be true, but in his sermons last Sunday Mr. Knowles showed himself to be gifted with imagination, sentiment and sense, and there was high art but no acting in his preaching. Hearing him, one is not surprised that he wrote *St. Cuthbert's*, but one goes away believing that he will yet produce something better.



REV. R. E. KNOWLES
"St. Cuthbert's."

It was at the Horse Show. Hon. Adam Beck, Colonel Denison, and Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., happened to meet on the promenade. They did not talk horse, however, strange as it may seem. Before they had been together half a minute the conversation turned quite naturally to the power question. "I'm with Beck because I know he's going to win!" exclaimed the member for North Toronto as he slapped Beck on the back. The Colonel drew himself up even straighter than usual and said, "Well, I'm with Beck because I know he's right!" This was, as the saying goes, a "horse" on Mr. McNaught, who had not meant his remark to be taken that way.

The man in the picture is Hon. William Paterson who, besides being an excellent Minister of Customs, is celebrated for his voice. Seldom has a statesman been gifted with such a noble organ. Its range, its timbre, its volume, leave nothing to be desired. Critics agree that it is one of the great voices of history and that the Liberal party in Canada is particularly fortunate in having such a trumpet employed in its behalf. Age has not robbed it of its sonority. It is still the standing joke of the Opposition at Ottawa that all you have to do is to leave the Green Chamber door open when Paterson is speaking and he can be heard down in Quebec. As a matter of fact Mr. Paterson's words go even further. He generally makes a fighting speech, and as no newspaper can afford to neglect his remarks, his audience is as wide as the Dominion. Paterson's speeches differ from many other speeches delivered in Parliament in that they say something. The big voice has big ideas behind it. In the picture Mr. Paterson is seen smoking a cigar. The Minister of Customs is a connoisseur of cigars. He is a comfortable smoker, likes to sit in a chair, blow rings, watch the ash grow, and think out things. Mr. Paterson and his after-dinner Perfecto are a familiar sight in the Russell House rotunda at Ottawa. Enemies of the cigarette point with pride to Mr. Paterson's voice as a cigar voice.



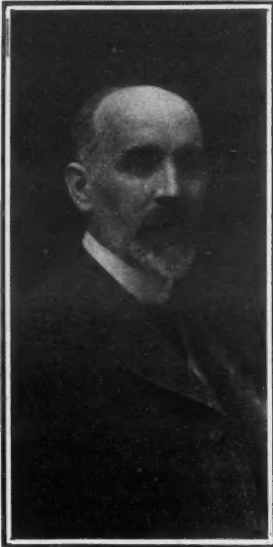
HON. WM. PATERSON.

Some Victoria College graduates who had attended the Cobourg institution long ago were exchanging reminiscences the other evening, and one of the number, now an elderly and eloquent minister, told of his freshman trials. "I was very young, only seventeen, and looked even younger. There was an open meeting of the Literary Society one evening and four of the freshmen were forced to take part in an impromptu debate. There was a large crowd present, including the Mayor of the

town and the Chancellor of the University. I was the leader of the debate, and on rising to speak was handed a paper on which was written the subject. To my horror I read aloud: 'Resolved that it is better to love a woman you can't marry than to marry a woman you can't love.' I suppose my dismay was too much for the audience, for they laughed for about ten minutes, and my speech was never given."

When Mr. Carnegie was in Toronto last week he found the accent of Dr. MacLaren much to his liking, but was rather doubtful of Dr. Briggs, whose face and voice suggest the Land of the Shamrock. Somewhat different was the opinion of a lady from Belfast who was here a few years ago and declared that she found Toronto a cold and desolate city until she went to the Metropolitan church one morning and heard Dr. Briggs announce "Hymn wan."

Queen's University has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on Mr. J. S. Willison, editor of the *Toronto News*. In speaking to the occasion Professor Cappon spoke of Mr. Willison's journalistic attainments and standing in terms high, but well within the mark. He has unquestioned rank as a foremost Canadian editor, and many will accord him first place. While it is true that in these days degrees are plentiful, and perhaps less desirable than at one time, yet nobody should undervalue such an honor at the hands of Queen's University, for there is a fine Scotch thrift in the way the wise men of Kingston allot and bestow laurels. The man selected by Queen's for an honorary degree may dismiss from his mind all doubts as to whether he has "arrived." He has arrived. He is a man of influence, either financial, political, or popular. His degree is the proof. Sometimes men are at a loss to understand why Toronto University confers honorary degrees. Queen's leaves nobody guessing, but rewards Success and to her cause attaches the influential. It is all right. It is a good thing to have a seat of learning issuing diplomas to the men who "get there."



MR. J. S. WILLISON.

The story goes that Chief Justice Taschereau of the Supreme Court will resign, to be succeeded by Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice. This will mean that Hon. A. B. Aylesworth will cross over from the post-office to become Minister of Justice. The impropriety of Mr. Aylesworth's continued personal practice of law in the courts since he entered the Cabinet will thus be emphasized, when by a mere shift of his position in the political household he becomes carver, and serves out promotions to the judges before whom he has been, up to this moment pleading. Will he now abandon his practice at the bar? Or will the Minister of Justice, like the Postmaster-General, appear in court in service of his personal clients, regardless of the brief he holds for the State? Mr. Houghton Lennox, M.P., brought up a resolution in the House recently declaring that no Minister or Deputy Minister should practise at the bar except in behalf of the Crown. It was, of course, directed at Mr. Aylesworth. Both in and out of the House the law practice of the Postmaster-General has been a source of weakness to the Government, more especially as he is usually retained by corporations that encroach on popular rights, and in whose behalf he is compelled to use arguments in court that embarrass the Administration when quoted in Parliament. If Mr. Aylesworth is now to abandon his practice, how much better had he done so several months ago!

Rev. Edward A. Wicher, M.A., B.D., whose graphic story of the San Francisco earthquake appears in this issue of *SATURDAY NIGHT*, is a Toronto boy who, though still very young, has had a remarkable and romantic career. He pursued a brilliant course in classics at the Toronto University, after which he studied theology at Knox College, winning the travelling fellowship at graduation in 1899. He studied for a time in Germany, and returning to Canada he became pastor of a Presbyterian church at Claude. In 1902 he accepted the pastorate of a church in Kobe, Japan. During his residence there he wrote some interesting articles for the *Canadian Magazine* and the *Toronto Globe*. Returning from Japan he became pastor of a large church at St. John, N.B., in 1905, but left there six months later to accept the professorship in New Testament Exegesis in the San Francisco Theological Seminary.

A young man from Toronto who is a proof-reader in the world-famed printing establishment of Theodore L. De Vinne & Co., New York, finds much interest in the manuscripts of famous authors which pass through his hands. Many of them contain pencil notes of instruction to the proof-readers. Recently there came to him the copy of an article by Mark Twain, to which was appended this note: "To the reader: Follow this copy if it goes to h—l. Mark Twain." "But then," adds the proof-reader, who is an ardent admirer of the great humorist, "Mark understands his business and knows how to prepare his copy."

Charlemagne Tower, at Berlin, is the first American Ambassador to Germany to rival the munificence of the British, Austrian and Russian Embassies, the triumvirate of Continental Embassy leaders there. He pays \$18,500 a year for his house rent. He has thirty-seven servants, all wearing gorgeous liveries with a tower for a crest on the buttons. One of Mr. Tower's servants always wears at his side a Turkish scimitar, his badge of office as superior butler. The servant with his scimitar is one of the sights of Berlin. Mr. Tower spends \$100,000 a year on entertaining, the most expensive single item being two balls a year, given at Mr. Tower's house. These are always attended by members of the Royal family.

The Mission of the Millionaire.

It is easy to say that money is not everything, but it takes a millionaire to prove the assertion. And, after all, can you point to one millionaire who has not done so? Take the case of Andrew Carnegie, who visited Toronto last week. In what way has he been disclosing the emptiness of wealth, you may ask—by giving away millions of dollars, by his statement that no man should die rich? Not at all. If Mr. Carnegie had his life to live over again he would busy himself in making another huge fortune. That way his ability lies, that way his inclination. To give some of it away is no proof that he finds wealth valueless or the pursuit of wealth unsatisfying. We learn what his riches mean to him, and what they fail to bring him, by observing what relation they bear to the chief desires of his life.

What is the chief aim of Mr. Carnegie's life at this moment? To read of the benefactions which he has of late years conferred in various directions one is inclined to the belief that his chief aim is to establish a reputation as a philanthropist, a literary man, and a prophet. To see him closely, to hear him talk, leads one to reverse this order, because he seems to attach the greatest importance to the gift of prophecy, while his literary aspirations take second place. Whatever the order is, however, it is a large one and money cannot ensure its delivery.

It is a thing remarkable and worthy of thought that here is a man who has won a kingdom, yet he goes outside of it to seek fulfilment of his chief desires. Unquestionably Andrew Carnegie values the friendship and good opinion of men like those who sat at the guest table with him at the Canadian Club dinner here—Goldwin Smith, Richard Watson Gilder, and such as these—ininitely more than his fame as a steel magnate.

Mr. Carnegie gives the impression that the things of which he speaks at dinners are hobbies which he pursues with great assiduity and enjoyment. It is the old story. Men of character almost invariably, so we are told, have some hobby to which they attach more importance than they do to the serious business of life in which they are engaged. It is said, for instance, that ex-Premier Balfour, serious man that he is, would rather have the reputation of being the best golfer in England than the fame of being his country's greatest statesman. All millionaires, too, are hobbyists one way or another. So we arrive at the logical conclusion that they, like other men, after they have achieved success in the direction in which their talents lie, still have many unsatisfied ambitions, which generally take an unexpected form.

Human nature is very much the same in all. The successful literary man, not satisfied with his achievements, cherishes ambitions in other directions. Mark Twain, for example, undertook to be a business man, and failed. Now Mr. Carnegie, after scoring a tremendous success in the business world, aspires to be a man of letters, and several other things. He seems to be succeeding too, for his hobbies have brought him much honor. In Toronto he was given the cordial assurance that he was a Jolly Good Fellow, and everywhere he is considered the best and most generous of millionaires.

The millionaire, however, is fulfilling a useful mission, unknown to himself, in showing us that when it comes to having a good time and gratifying the ambitions peculiar to him he cannot depend upon his pile to help him out, but that he has to hustle around after the really enjoyable things like the rest of us. HAL.

Our Noisy World.

It is impossible to pick up a paper or a magazine these days without seeing therein some reference to "the strenuous age in which we live." The novelist builds stories on the subject, the dramatist uses it to give a truly modern tinge to his plays, the popular-song writer makes it his constant text, and the vaudeville artist revels in it. Never, we say and believe with a mixture of pride and regret, have men been so busy; never has life been so turbulent, so full of straining effort. If a visitor from Mars or some other planet were to drop into our world of to-day and peruse our current literature he would imagine that we had of late years just broken away from another and sleepier existence. He would think that the fierce competition we hear so much about, the rush after money, the tumult and bustle of cities, were all things peculiar to "the present age" and to no other. He would suppose that in years gone by people went about in a semi-comatose condition and that restfulness and peaceful quiet reigned in the cities of the earth. We have become accustomed to thinking that all noise and haste and rush and roar of street and mart are characteristic of our time alone. As a matter of fact, the people of olden times were scarcely as slow-going as we imagine they were. The ancient grafters—for no age of the world has been without grafters—were of course not to be compared with those of the twentieth century, but they labored in a more limited field. Their opportunities were fewer, and there was not as much money to corner, but, if history can be believed, they made a very fair showing, indeed. In the matter of making a stir the people in the old days were not as much behindhand either. Listen to this from the *New York Globe*:

"Modern cities are not as noisy as those of other days. For example, in London in the time of King George II. the streets were still cobbled and the pack horses of Elizabethan memory had been replaced by heavy carts and wagons. Barrels of beer and heavy cases were dragged about on drays of iron without wheels, and to add to the tumult heavy signs in immense frames of ironwork hung out in front of shops and houses and creaked interminably. Street cries never ceased for a moment all day. All the smaller necessities, such as pins, thread, string, ink, straws, fish, milk, cakes, bread, drugs, herbs, matches, were hawked in the streets."

It will be seen by this that although our ancestors may have been quiet and slow according to present-day standards, they were by no means so far behind us in the matter of strenuousness as we may imagine. It must be admitted that they did their best, according to their lights, to make life stirring, varied and tumultuously interesting. In the matter of making a noise there were not so many to be noisy. They were handicapped by not having trolley cars, steam whistles, auto horns, street pianos, sizzling peanut wagons, and the multifarious noise-producers that contribute to the never-ceasing roar of a modern city, but in their benighted way they did very well. To some extent they were noisier. Long ago all merchants had employees at their doors constantly crying their wares to passers-by. To-day this is completely out of fashion. Even the occasional barker on York street invites patronage by blandishment rather than by bellowing. The modern merchant speaks by the quiet but far-reaching voice of the newspaper. The watchman of old roared out the hours of the night as he paced his beat. Now the hero of fiction cannot gauge the proper moment for a valiant rescue or daring escape, nor can the villain time his depredations by these outcries. The modern policeman walks abroad silently day and night. So in some respects we are not as noisy as were our forebears.

There are many people who think a serious agitation modifying street noises as far as possible. As long, however, as noise is considered to be necessary and appro-

priate to our hustling age, and as long as we of this day and generation pride ourselves on being the greatest noise-makers in the world's history, it is scarcely probable that there will be any abatement of the rout and clamor that rack the ears of modern city dwellers. If, on the other hand, we were to recognize that what we are doing in the way of noise-producing is not so remarkable after all, and that the unenlightened folk who lived many, many years ago were practically on a par with us in this matter, we might come to the conclusion that to be unique in this wonderful age we should establish an era of quietness. That would be a wonderful age indeed. HAL.

How They Are Doped.

FOR many years I suffered greatly from swelled head, which gave the members of my household cause for grave anxiety as they feared the trouble had become chronic. I tried various remedies, but, in spite of all that my wife's relatives could say, my head continued to swell in a manner which at last made me an object of newspaper comment and an inspiration to the cartoonist. Then a neighbor told me of Great Pills for Green People, and advised me to send for them. I did so, and after taking one hundred and seventy-five boxes I found the swelling beginning to decrease, and when the two-hundredth box had disappeared my head was reduced to normal size and the number of my friends showed signs of increase. Everyone has remarked the great change in my nature and habits and I attribute it all to this marvellous remedy. POPULAR POLITICIAN.

"Our little Willie, who has always been considered a remarkably intelligent child for his age, suddenly developed tendencies that alarmed us exceedingly. He began to ask queer questions and to make funny remarks just like any common child. Such a thing as a sense of humor has not been known in the family for several generations, while a joke has never been heard in the house. We were in despair when Willie continued to break out in rash remarks and epigrams, and we looked forward with horror to the time when our boy might be known as a humorist. We tried many forms of suppression, but he remained cheerful in spite of stories read to him at bedtime about good little boys who saved their money from the time they were ten years of age and grew up to be famous and beloved. At last, we read an advertisement of Mother Taylor's Tablets, warranted to reduce the spirits. We gave Willie two of them every half-hour and he is now once more a dull and docile member of society and we trust the terrible fate which we at one time feared has been averted." FOND PARENT.

"For the last two months I have suffered greatly from an aggravated case of mother-in-law. I tried various methods for removal, but all proved unavailing and I was about to give up in despair and resign myself to the affliction as one of the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, when an article on 'How to Remove Mothers-in-Law' caught my eye and held me spellbound. I sent at once for a cure, as three eminent clergymen had certified to its efficacy. The remedy, Dummy's Dynamite Capsules, arrived in safety, and I fell into the habit of dropping one every morning into my mother-in-law's coffee. They worked like a charm. After one week, my difficulty began to scatter, and finally disappeared, leaving hardly any trace of its irritating presence. I cheerfully give this testimonial to the thorough effect of these capsules and can assure the public that there is not the slightest danger of the return of the mother-in-law." HAPPY HUSBAND.

"Our maiden aunt some time ago showed signs of extreme melancholy, which proved depressing to the whole family. She complained of seeing ten-spots before her eyes and having ringing in the right ear. Her complexion was the color of the Toronto streets, and she became addicted to yellow journals. We heard of Beeruna, the wonderful cocktail substitute, and sent for several bottles which our aunt proceeded to put down. The effect has been something miraculous and everyone has noticed the change that has come over her. After drinking a pint of Beeruna she has been known to slide down the banisters and to attempt to whistle *We Won't go Home Till the Morning*. Her complexion has greatly improved, and her nose has become a rich, pigeon-blood ruby in color, while her good spirits are positively infectious. She is now the life of the household, and our only difficulty is to keep her supplied with this excellent exhilarator." NAUGHTY NEPHEW.



EASILY RECTIFIED.

He—It is simply scandalous! If I want to take a spot off my clothes, I can never find a drop of benzine in the house.

She—There, you see again how indispensable an auto is for housekeeping!—Translated for *SATURDAY NIGHT* from *Fliegende Blaetter*.

General Booth of the Salvation Army recently entered upon his seventy-eighth birthday, and celebrated the occasion by formulating new schemes for conquering new worlds. No man carries his weight of years with more wonderful courage; no man at his time of life ever lived more laborious days. But, then, he is an exception to most laws. Time, like mortals, seems ached to let him have his own way. King Edward led the way in this direction. He had invited the General to be present at the Coronation. The General wished to go in his uniform. The Earl Marshal said he could not; he must don Court dress, or—well, the Coronation would have to go on without him. The General had a trump card. He wrote to the King, who replied through Lord Knollys that he would be delighted to see the veteran in the Abbey in his uniform. It was this blunt, go-to-the-point manner of the General which so impressed Cecil Rhodes. They understood one another perfectly. "You," said the Colossus, "want the country for the people; I want the people for the country." They agreed excellently—with differences.

My Story of the Earthquake

BY REVEREND PROFESSOR EDWARD A. WICHER
of the San Francisco Theological Seminary.



EDWARD A. WICHER, M.A., B.D.

When the earthquake struck us I was lying asleep at the house of a friend in Berkeley, not far from the University of California. It was at 5.13 on Wednesday morning, April 18th. Suddenly I was awakened by the violent tossing of the bed, which was thrown some feet out into the middle of the room and as suddenly thrown back again. At the same moment I saw the tall wardrobe that stood in the corner thrown half-way to the floor, then checked in mid-air and violently thrown back to the place where it belonged. The room was filled with pieces of flying chandelier, porcelain ornaments, books and toilet utensils. But Berkeley suffered least of all the cities in the Bay region and I afterwards learned that what had saved Berkeley was the counter-shock which came almost instantaneously upon the primary shock and neutralized its effect. In most other places the two shocks were separated from one another by some seconds, so that each increased the power of devastation of the other.

After the lateral motion there followed a perpendicular motion. The house seemed to be lifted high in the air and then let fall, and this action was repeated several times. I stood upright on the bed and was able to reach the ceiling of the room with my hands. Remembering old experiences of earthquakes in Japan, and the danger of falling plaster, I thought that I would balance myself thus and at the same time hold up the plaster. But another violent movement threw me headlong to the floor. I thought that the house was falling, and decided, whether wisely or unwisely, to make a dash for the street. I was thrown from side to side and down the stairs. A heavy glass globe struck me in falling and dazed me, but nothing worse happened, and I was in the open. The noise was terrific and indescribable. It was like the

But there was no panic, nor anything approaching a panic.

Then I took a ticket for the mole of the Southern Pacific Railway. If I could not reach the city, I would get as near to it as possible. But upon the mole I found the case equally hopeless. I begged from the officials to be allowed to go, "I want to reach my family," I said. But they answered me, "They all say that, we cannot make any exception; stand back," and a guard levelled a revolver at my forehead. But I had one comfort now. For upon calling out in the crowd to learn whether there was anyone who had any information about conditions in San Anselmo, I was told that the disturbance in this district was slight. But nothing definite was known.

For a long time after this I tramped the streets of Oakland from the newspaper offices to the telegraph offices and back again, forgetting even that I was hungry, until my senses began to grow dim and I realized that I had not taken food for nine hours. The work of the destroyer was everywhere in evidence. Fine mercantile buildings and fine churches had thrown their facades across the pavements; cornices were broken, steeples were twisted around, dwellings were telescoped together, so that houses of two stories looked as though they had but one. The streets were scattered with broken stones and fallen wires. No one thought of doing any business. But helpless crowds congregated upon the corners, telling of miraculous escapes from death and wishing for news of dear ones in other localities. Men who had not prayed for years felt no shame in falling upon their knees in the sight of the people and crying for mercy. A renewal of the tremor at noon sent many of them out of the streets to the refuge of Idora Park.

I learned here that San Jose was burning, that Santa Cruz was flooded and burning, that Stanford University was lying a pile of stones, that Santa Rosa was prostrate. Everywhere great loss of life was reported. But of San Anselmo I could get no word.

The dark column grew thicker and reached higher over the doomed city across the Bay, while fierce tongues of red flame shot forth at intervals out of the blackness of the smoke. The sky was covered with murky clouds, hiding the view of Mount Tamalpais. The sun was turned to blood. There was not a breath of wind; but a terrible oppressive heat which closed us in to earth.

Then we met a student, who had just escaped from Stanford, who told us that the great entrance gate, the splendid memorial chapel, and other beautiful stone buildings were lying in ruins upon the ground. Three hundred students in a dormitory had had a narrow escape from the same death which had fallen upon two of their comrades.

It had long since become hopeless to think of reaching home through San Francisco. In a direct line I was only ten miles from my loved ones, but to reach them I must travel a hundred and twenty miles around the headwaters of the Bay and spend the night in the devastated city of Santa Rosa.

It was four o'clock when I left Oakland with a train-load of sad, grey people, fleeing to friends in the country. Ordinarily there was only a small number of people who desired to travel by this route, but on this day there was a throng that filled the aisles and platforms.

One cannot but praise the splendid service of the Southern Pacific, California North-Western and North Shore Railroads, in this time of trial. When wires were down and travel was dangerous, they still moved the crowds without delay or accident. And where there were no tickets, they were not exacting. Their officials, like all other men, had their own sorrows; but they sank them in the common need, and bravely did their duty.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, when, in total darkness, we reached the stricken Santa Rosa. The desolation was appalling. The fine business street of the city was wiped out. The earthquake had shaken down the buildings, the live wires had set them on fire, and one of the most beautiful of California's beautiful cities was left a mound of embers. The Saint Rose hotel, in which I had lodged upon my last visit, had fallen and killed its visitors. The hotels were all gone. But the good Presbyterian minister, though bankrupt in everything except goodness, shared with me his last loaf of bread; for famine threatened to add its tortures to those of the fire. The splendid self-denial of the Christian ministers of California is one of the conspicuous features which helps to relieve the awfulness of the disaster. The light-hearted gaiety of California is everywhere showing that it is not simply wickedness, as some men would have us believe. It may be thoughtless, but in the hour of trial it can be tender also.

At the depot of the California North-Western Railway we talked with the night watchman, an old fortyniner. "First it went this way," he said, waving his lantern to the right in a circle, "and then it went this way," waving to the left. "And then, if you'll believe me, the ground flew up and hit me. I thought at first as though I might be drunk; but recollect I hadn't had a drink for a month. And then I just tumbled down and

couldn't go a step except on my knees. And I prayed A'mighty God to forgive me for my iniquities. An' I saw it, mark you, I saw it, I SAW it. That oil tank jest riz up and fell over. An' the col' storage outfit jest laid down. An' see them electric poles, I seed the sparks jest fly and burn holes in the wooden awnings. An' my God, the whole town come down. There was two women killed in a house across the road, thet one on the corner. An' I kin hear the groans uv the dying yet. It was awful. It was—" the old man trembled as he spoke and his utterance became choked at the end.

On the way through the street I passed a church where men and women were leaving and entering. Seeing a placard posted upon the door "Relief Committee," I went in to learn what was being done there. Inside I found a new horror. There were thirty corpses stretched upon the floor. The church had been changed into a morgue.

Needless to say we did not sleep much that night. At intervals we experienced slight shocks and around was the darkness. When morning came I was at length able to leave Santa Rosa by the California North-Western Railway. My agitation grew as I came nearer home. All this time I had had no word from San Anselmo, nor could I send any. When we passed the upbound train I shouted from the platform, "How is San Anselmo?" and received back the answer, "All right." I felt better now the farther forward I journeyed; for even the chimneys were standing at San Rafael.

And my family were safe at home—shaken but uninjured. I thanked God for His great goodness, and learned, as I had never learned before, the knowledge of human compassion. But our beautiful seminary, our grey-stone pride, was cleft asunder and forever ruined.

DRAMA

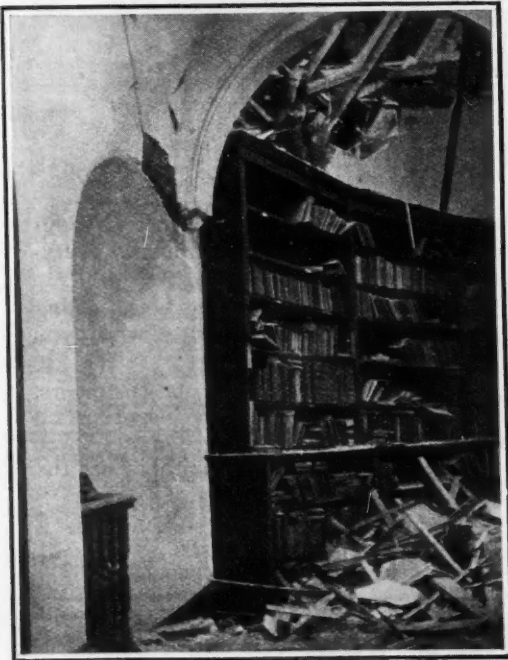
AT the Princess Theater next week there will be two engagements of unusual interest. During the first half of the week, Mr. Kyrle Bellew will appear as *Raffles*, that most amusing and agile "amateur crackman," whose adventures have been related by E. W. Hornung in narratives that have been equalled by few modern story-writers. *Raffles*, to be sure, is a gentleman of Robin Hood's profession who finds London more lucrative than Sherwood Forest could have been, and who "burgles" with a grace which places him far ahead of the common or garden variety of grafter. Mr. Frank Connor will take the part of *Bunny*, the blundering but faithful friend of the brilliant *Raffles*, and Mr. E. M. Holland as detective is said to be a most satisfactory exponent of the gentle art of finding out. During the last half of the week, Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe will present four Shakespearean plays, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. Sothorn's sumptuous taste is so well known that we shall expect

the outward and visible sign of a decadence too dreary to contemplate. Mr. G. K. Chesterton's remark on the Ibsen realism was recalled last week by those who have read the English essayist's *Heretics*. It is to the effect that Ibsen is a realist for the evil aspect only and that the realism of goodness frequently escapes him. More than any other man the dramatist needs "to see life steadily and see it whole."

There is a very excellent vaudeville bill at Shea's Theater this week. The opening number is especially pleasing, a dainty bit of dancing by the Columbians in the style of the old-fashioned minuet. *The Village Cut-Ups*, given by May Boley and a sextette of girls from *The Maid and the Mummy*, aided by George Young and Will Brady, is a delightful sketch, while Miss Linden Beckwith is very successful with her singing portraits. Walter C. Kelly has an amusing monologue of a Southern police court, and Paul Nicholson and Miss Morton have a clever sketch called *The Ladies' Tailor*. Waterbury Brothers and Tenny have some amazing musical novelties, and Mosher, Houghton and Mosher, trick bicyclists, with Estelle D'Arville, a bewildering danseuse, complete the bill.

On Friday night of last week the picturesque studio of Mr. McGillivray Knowles was filled with an appreciative audience on the occasion of a Shakespearean recital by students of the School of Expression. To Mrs. Scott Raff was due the credit of training and management and the evening's performance was indicative of sincere and earnest study. There is, perhaps, no hall in the city that could provide such environment for dramatic presentation as was afforded by this studio, in which every object is of artistic interest. Scenes from *The Winter's Tale*, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Caesar* and *Henry V.* formed the varied programme, which was carried out in a most pleasing manner. The "reading" was excellent, especially when the youthfulness of most of the amateur players was taken into consideration. There was no flagging of interest, the closing scene in *King Henry's* wooing of *Katharine* being the most popular feature in the recital. Mrs. Burden made a bewitching French princess, whose broken English and coquettish French were thoroughly enjoyed. The first object of the School of Expression training is not to inculcate a fondness for stage productions, but to encourage a study of the Shakespearean dramas, and the increasing seriousness of the work is proof of the benefits already derived from the course.

The musical comedy, *The Tenderfoot*, has created much amusement at the Princess Theater this week. Mr. Oscar L. Figman being one of the most riotously funny comedians that Toronto has seen. His wit is of Texan unconventionality, but it never degenerates into vulgarity. Altogether, as the *Tenderfoot*, Professor Zachary Pettibone, he earns the enthusiastic gratitude of the audience for arousing such mirth as is seldom occasioned by the humor of the modern musical comedy. The setting and costumes are all of the free prairie life of the Lone Star State and give a breezy picturesqueness to the doings of



EFFECTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.
Library of the San Francisco Theological Seminary.

booming of a million of cannon, muffled by distance and yet close at hand, while at irregular intervals there came an awful crash. These were not the sounds of falling buildings, they were the sounds of the earth itself, and yet in Berkeley the effects of the earthquake were accounted slight; some porches were knocked away, some windows broken, and all the chimneys toppled over—this was all. In a few minutes quiet ensued—a deep, tremendous quiet—and I returned to the house. It was not until breakfast time that we learned something of the awful horror into which the whole region had been plunged.

I cannot go into all the details of the morning. Suffice to say that we learned that the water-front of San Francisco had been destroyed, that fire had broken out in several parts of the city, that, owing to the destruction of the water-mains, there was no water to be had, and, worse than all else, that the hundreds of desperate villains who lived in the dens and shacks upon the south side of Market street had broken into the saloons, filled themselves with liquor, and begun an awful work of outrage, theft and murder. The soldiers from the Presidio had been ordered out, the whole city was under martial law, and no one was allowed to enter it from any side. No one was allowed to enter it! But I had to enter in order to reach my family upon the San Anselmo side. Then I would be shot and that would be the end of it.

I cannot describe my agony during that day. At first we heard the most conflicting rumors. San Jose had been destroyed. No, San Jose was safe. No, San Jose had been destroyed. There were 17,000 people killed in San Francisco; no, there were only 500 killed. But no one could tell me anything of the north shore or San Anselmo, where our seminary stood, where my family lived. I know that my sorrows are not great in the multitude of sorrows; but they are typical, and I tell my story of the day because it is the story of a man.

There was the greatest difficulty in obtaining information of any kind. Every telegraph and telephone line was down, and is still down. No street cars were running. Only the Southern Pacific Railway with its steam trains, maintained its suburban service; but when I applied for a ticket to the city I was told, "We are allowed to carry passengers out of the city, but not to take any into it." I purchased an extra of an Oakland newspaper and the headlines shocked me.

"Dead and missing—Two members of the Wicher family." Oh! Father in Heaven, they were mine. There were no other Wichers in the State. "No," said my companion, "not yours; they were killed in Oakland." Not mine, but the family of someone else. Yes, I thanked God they were not mine, and then I prayed for the other son and husband. The tension was terrible.

Then the refugees began to arrive from the city. They were the saddest and most haggard crew I have ever seen. There were women in their night clothes, as they had run out of the falling buildings, with a borrowed coat drawn about them; there were mothers with babies sucking at their breasts and other babies hanging to their skirts; there were wild-eyed men, whose fright had made them raving maniacs; some were praying, some were laughing, some were silent—all were horror-stricken.



EFFECTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.
Another interior view at the Seminary.



SCENE FROM RAFFLES AT THE PRINCESS THEATER NEXT WEEK.

vaster stage productions than have been. Such a dramatic alliance as Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe seems to give the lie to the Shakespearean sentiment: "Two stars hold not their motion in one sphere." The production of *The Taming of the Shrew* will be a welcome sauce after the love-making of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*. Mr. Sothorn as the ardent young lover of Verona is easily imagined, but it is difficult to fit him into the part of *Shylock*. We have had several productions of *The Merchant of Venice* this year. We have been so "many a time and oft on the Rialto" that we might wish for some other comedy—*The Tempest*, for instance, in which the wizard robes of *Prospero* would well become the erstwhile *Proud Prince*. But the richness of the promised fare gives us assurance of a feast, and it would be running no risk to prophesy a crowded house for each production.

It is not often that plays at our leading theater meet with such severe censure as was excited by those in which Miss O'Neil appeared last week. If, instead of our general post-office, the said theater had been in ashes last Sunday morning there would not have been lacking authorities to declare that it was all owing to *The Fires of St. John*. That there were more objectionable performances in Toronto theaters during the last fortnight may be true; but they were not under the form of high dramatic art, and the people who went to see them were in search of the sordid. While it may not have been necessary to direct the attention of our morality department to the Sudermann play in question, most of the spectators considered it a nauseous exploiting of sensuality. The general opinion seemed to coincide with that of the evening paper calling it "a vicious drama." It was regarded as both nasty and inartistic, charges which could hardly be brought against *Magda*. Whatever may be the attitude of students towards Ibsen, the theatergoers of Anglo-Saxon communities find his sombre realism altogether too depressing to fulfil their dramatic requirements, and I frankly admit that I should rather have *A Pair of Spectacles* than a wilderness of *Hedda Gabler*, while *Rosmersholm* is enough to drive one to patent medicines. In the greatest dramas there is a sense of purification, of ennobling that is absent from several of the Ibsen tragedies. It may be old-fashioned to revert to Aristotle's treatise on the subject, but not many wiser reflections have been written since his day. *Rosmersholm* has been called symbolic, but it seems to be nothing but

cowboys and Texas Rangers. The music is bright and inspiring, although we seem to have heard some of it before. Miss Ruth White as the heiress, *Marion Worthington*, is extremely dainty and is even better suited with this role than with her part in *The Burgomaster*. Her clear soprano voice and her piquant prettiness win her instant popularity. Mr. Jethro Warner, a Canadian actor, who comes from Montreal, creates a favorable impression in the part of *Colonel Paul Winthrop*. For an attack of the blues or that forsaken feeling *The Tenderfoot* will prove a successful specific.

Buster Brown has been the attraction at the Grand this week. The piece, of course, is founded on that immensely popular series of sketches of the same name drawn by R. F. Outcault in the New York papers. This dramatization of cartoons is quite in keeping with the present methods of the American stage, but as Charles Dana Gibson has suffered the same fate R. F. Outcault should not repine. Every work of a novelist, poet, or artist which has found favor with the great American public is doomed henceforth to languish out its days before the footlights. The stage is the great bed of Procrustes on which American stage managers torture every work of American genius. If it is a novel they lop it off, and if a popular song, stretch it to the breaking point to meet requirements. The practice is so general that one is surprised that they have not already made a problem play out of *Emerson's Essay* or a musical comedy out of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. *Buster Brown* has not, however, suffered by dramatization. All who enjoyed him in print will enjoy him still more in the play. In the part of *Buster*, Master Rice proved a very capable juvenile performer and was ably assisted by his faithful dog *Tige*, an exacting part taken by Arthur Hill. Of course *Buster* is the whole show, but there are many satellites who revolve around him with becoming celerity and grace. Adele Hinton and Alice Ainscoe, as the mother and sister respectively of *Buster Brown*, had the air of dignity befitting relationship with an infant prodigy, and George Hall and Harry West were entertaining in the comic roles. Then there were many spectacular effects, chorus after chorus of *Buster* girls, basket-ball girls, Red Riding Hoods, etc., all equally charming and weirdly costumed. In short the play is a bewildering but not unpalatable melange. If taken to London it might outrival the Christmas pantomime as an entertainment for children.

A BUSY MAN'S BENEFICENCE

On the mimic stage it is a common occurrence for a youth to leave his old home, plunge into the world of affairs, prosper, and then, returning, make his name, by generous deeds, a household word in the place of his birth; and the incident never loses flavor nor lacks applause. On the stage of life men forthgoing from their native township or village, as a rule, gradually but surely fall out of touch with the life there. Too many of them forget the little schoolhouse where they laid the foundation of knowledge; and too often worldly success, instead of fostering large and generous impulses, crowds them out of the heart. Not so with Moses Franklin Rittenhouse, a native of Lincoln County, Ontario, who, having won fortune and honor in distant fields, still holds it one of the greatest pleasures of his life to revisit his birthplace and to help in a practical way in making life there pleasant and profitable.

Mr. Rittenhouse was born sixty years ago in the township of Clinton, Lincoln County. During his boyhood he worked hard on the farm, which was twelve miles from the city of St. Catharines. Like so many other highly successful men born and reared on Ontario farms a generation or two ago, he found time only during the winter to attend school. At the age of eighteen he went to Chicago and commenced work in a planing mill at \$3.50 a week. Steadily his industry, integrity, and natural capacity for business carried him up, until to-day he is one of the most eminent lumbermen in Chicago, controlling one great company and be-



MR. M. F. RITTENHOUSE
Whose name stands for generosity and benevolence in his native county of Lincoln.

latest and best pattern obtainable. The Rittenhouse Library, which now contains over two thousand volumes, including the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and where the leading magazines of the day are received, is accommodated in the southern wing of the building, and is accessible to the people of the locality at all times. The northern wing is used as a museum, in which the plants, insects, minerals, etc., of the district are to be found. No expense has been spared in making the premises beautiful. Native

school and erected thereon a building thirty-four by eighty feet in size, which he named Victoria Hall. At the front is a two-story residence for the caretaker of the hall, school, and grounds, and at the rear is an auditorium with a seating capacity of six hundred. It is equipped with opera chairs, a piano, a projection lantern, and is lighted by an acetylene gas plant. It is used as a lecture and music hall, school and other public entertainments being held there; and in order to make its usefulness assured the benefactor provides an annual grant to aid in the expense of engaging lecturers and good entertainers. Attached to the hall is a conservatory, and here the pupils of the school can carry on mature study of plants and flowers. He has also erected a gasoline pumping station at the lake, by which the hall and the school are provided with a constant supply of water. The cost of the hall and equipment has been over sixteen thousand dollars.

The property is about a mile and a half from Jordan Station, on the G. T. R. This summer Mr. Rittenhouse proposes to widen the road, boulevard it, and lay a walk as far as the crossing of the Grimsby line, where he hopes to have a station erected. He also intends to provide ground for the introduction of school gardening.

Not content with this, Mr. Rittenhouse has lately conceived the idea of having an experimental fruit farm established at the same point. He has offered to the Ontario Department of Agriculture, at a price much below what it cost him, forty-five acres of land adjoining the other property, and will assist in the matter of establishing the farm. Should more land be required he offers to secure it. The Provincial Minister of Agriculture, the Deputy Minister and others have recently visited the place. They look very favorably on the proposal to locate an experimental fruit station in the heart of the Niagara district, and it is understood that the matter will at once be taken up.

Not only does Mr. Rittenhouse give a broad interpretation of citizenship, but his generosity flows in all directions. For example, for some years past he has made a practice of treating large parties of his relatives—most of whom live in the neighborhood of his birthplace—to delightful outing trips. In 1901 he took them to Washington, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City; in 1902 to Brantford; in 1903 to New York and Albany; in 1904 he brought about one hundred to the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, and entertained them. It goes without saying that on these trips nothing is too good for the "International Ramblers" as Mr. Rittenhouse has christened his parties.

One who knows him says of Mr. Rittenhouse that he likes nothing as well as making life pleasant for others; and those who have come within reach of his beneficence say that it is not his gifts, but the spirit in which he makes them, which has brought him the endorsement of the old folks at home, of many new friends abroad, and the highest respect of his associates in the business world.

HAL.



RITTENHOUSE OUTING PARTY AT ALBANY, N. Y.

ing interested in a dozen others through the Western States.

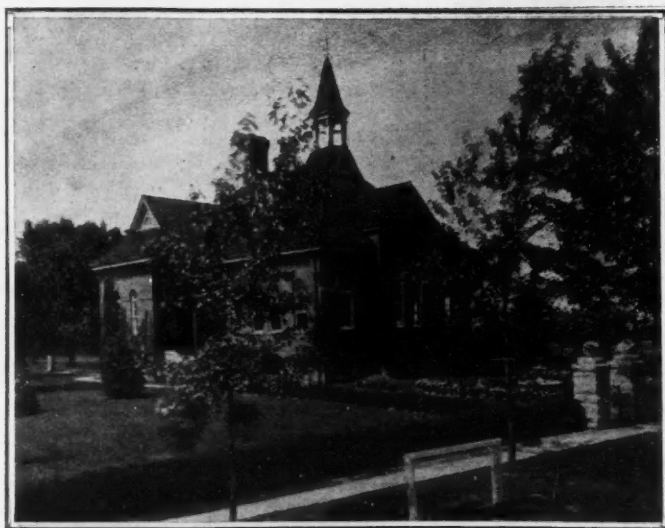
The story of Mr. Rittenhouse's attachment to his old school and his old township—or rather the adjacent townships of Clinton and Louth, both of which proudly claim him as their own—reads like a romance. The schoolhouse was an old stone building, and even after he had, as a lad, left the farm and gone to Chicago, he returned one winter and put in another term with his old schoolmaster. Through all the busy years that followed he never lost interest in the place. In 1886 he founded the Rittenhouse Public Library there, and the occasions of his visits to Clinton and Louth Townships were observed almost as a general holiday by the residents of the district.

Finally, when on one of these visits in 1890, Mr. Rittenhouse was struck with the idea that he would like to see a model Public school replace the old stone building, which was falling into disrepair. He made the proposal to the school trustees of Union school section No. 1, township of Clinton, and No. 2, township of Louth, that if a new schoolhouse should be built he would share the cost. The offer was accepted, and the building was erected in the same year. It is a handsome brick structure, beautifully located, about half a mile from the site of the old school, and but a short distance from the shore of Lake Ontario. It is considered by the Provincial educational authorities as probably the best equipped rural school in Canada.

The school is complete in every respect. It has a concrete basement and play-room for the smaller children in winter, and has a modern hot-water heating system. The floors are covered with linoleum and the walls are artistically hung with pictures, while the desks are of the

and imported trees and hedges, and well-kept flower-beds and sod, make it such a place as would utterly astonish the average school trustee, rural or urban. There are two large playgrounds for summer, and an open-air skating rink and a toboggan slide for winter sport. The landscape gardening, which is shown in the photograph of the school reproduced with this article, was designed by Mr. Norman Vair, the head gardener of the Ontario Education Department at the Normal School, Toronto.

About two years ago Mr. Rittenhouse purchased two acres of land directly across the road from the



THE RITTENHOUSE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

ANECDOTAL

The wife of a wealthy Irish contractor of Kansas City, who was traveling abroad, was ever watchful lest her speech betray her Celtic origin. On one occasion she was heard to say that while she had visited Vesuvius, it was her regret that she had not seen the "creature."

A bright ten-year-old girl, whose father is addicted to amateur photography, attended a trial at court the other day for the first time. This was her account of the judge's charge: "The judge made a long speech to the jury of twelve men and then sent them off into a little dark room to develop."

Jacob Riis, at a convention of school teachers at Atlantic City, decried contentment. "Every man is too apt to be contented—that is, to be conceited," he said, "to think himself about as fine and strong and good and wise as anyone in the world. Even beggars. Why, I know a man who, on being accosted by a beggar, said: 'Why don't you go to work? Why do you waste your time begging?' The beggar drew himself up. 'Did you ever beg?' he said. 'No, of course not,' said the man. 'Then,' said the beggar, 'you don't know what work is.'"

Nat Goodwin, in describing an unsuccessful play, said: "Why, one night, during this company's Western tour, the box office man was

aroused from a nap in the middle of the first act by an odd sound. He yawned and looked out of the box, and there before him stood a little boy, weeping bitterly. 'What is the matter, my little man?' he asked. The boy, holding up a check, said: 'I want my money back.' 'Why do you want your money back?' asked the box office man in surprise. 'Because,' sobbed the boy, 'I'm afraid to sit up in the gallery all alone.'"

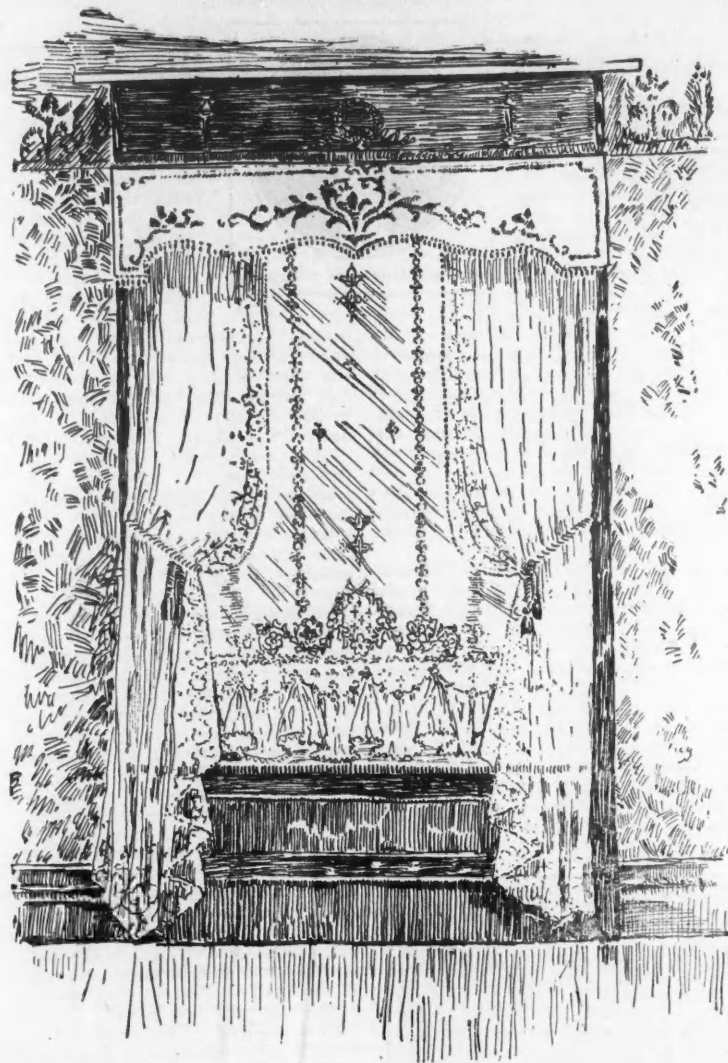
Not long ago Governor Folk of Missouri, upon reaching his office at the Capitol in company with a friend, found a number of men waiting in the ante-room. He paused as he passed through, and made a joke that was a decided chestnut. When the Governor and his friend were in the private office, the friend remarked: "Say, that was a fearfully old one you got off just now." "I know it," was the complacent reply. "Then why did you do it?" the puzzled friend asked. "Did you notice which of those fellows laughed? Well, they are the ones who have favors to ask," was the explanation.

Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court, despite his length of service on the bench, still preserves that elasticity of spirit and love of a joke that have distinguished him all through his career. On circuit last year the Justice created considerable merriment in a Western court. A

learned counsel was arguing the question as to what circumstances constituted an "accident," and was offering instances of what he considered would properly come within that term and what would not, on the other hand. "Suppose, your Honor," said he, "some one were to hit me in the eye, making it black in consequence. The fact of its becoming black could not be called an accident." "Perhaps not," suggested Harlan, with a chuckle, "but you would doubtless explain it on that ground."

In Montserrat the population, although colored, speak with a brogue. This has been an Hibernian island ever since Cromwell used it as a place of exile for rebels. The exiles followed the fashion of the time in forcing the populace into slavery, and the descendants of these slaves, who are, of course, free, are now engaged in making lime-juice and talking Irish. A sailor from Cork landed one day at the principal port, and fell into conversation with a particularly black longshoreman. The newcomer was filled with astonishment at the familiar speech. "An' how long have yez been in this place?" he asked the negro. "Sure an' it's two months since I came over," said the other, meaning that he had crossed from the other side of the island. "Well," replied the Irishman, "if it makes a daft man look like you in two months, here's what's goin' back to Ireland be the next ship."

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eight-hour day, has not solved the
servant question. I am looking with
interest at another trial of the lady-
help, not the superior girls who called
their mistress "dear" and were so
called in return, nor yet the working
equal, who arrives flushed and nerv-
ous after cooking, to assert herself
by "sitting down with the family."
These were ever on the ragged edge
of catastrophe, and the air about them
was surcharged with possible out-
break. They "didn't do," and their
day is dark. But there has arrived
another sort of experiment, a work-
ing housekeeper, who seems to pro-
mise for herself and her mistress a
reign of peace and good-will. She
has not, in her whole make-up, the
tiniest atom of snob, her mind is on
her business, not worrying over her
rights or her dignity. She does not
wish to sit at the family table, for
when she has put the food upon it,
she has plenty of urgent doing in the
kitchen that only grows harder by
waiting. It is quite possible that she
may provide an extra plate and be
served with a bit of the joint when
she has put the family dinner indi-
vidually about the board. If she be
particularly about having her meat
freshly cooked, she will quietly ask
the carver for her portion. She has
a dainty little table in her own room,
and there she eats her meals in soli-
tary comfort. She is a sympathetic,
patient, courteous, womanly woman,
up in her work, neat to a fault, and
amenable up to the highest notch.
Guests don't fluster her, for she de-
lights in getting up "surprises" in
the dessert line, and takes the great-
est interest in the success of her
menus. She frankly says she cannot
make certain things, and you may de-
pend on her when she undertakes
what she says she can. She is some-
what resourceful, and always has a
standing dish to rely upon should sup-
plies or quality run short. Which
recalls to my memory a wonderful
old dorkie, who was a past-mistress
in pancake-making. She never made
pancakes unless everything else had
turned wrong or failed, then she would
say, amid the ruins of some meat-
to-be-grand success: "Well, I just
guess we have some pancakes!" where-
at would arise a pan of joy and a
smacking of lips that were laughable.
The experiment of the lady born and
bred taking up the kitchen work of
another woman's home interests me.
I shall let you know if this too falls
into failure.

"I do wish the older people would
mind their own business," said a love-
ly little girl warmly. She had been
enjoying the grandest time, reducing
a young person of the opposite sex to
a state compared with which any
kind of lunacy was sane and sensible.
With her battery drawn in line, she
shelled him with lightning glances
from round, virginal eyes, or peppered
him like an ambushed sharp-shooter
from under her sweeping lashes. Her
mouth curved in delicious, tremulous
mirth as she watched him suffer. You
know how the fascinating minx was
enjoying herself. And then, by came
the officious old busybody, with a
cackle and a warning, and an implied
criticism and censure, and the pretty
game (the prettiest game in all the
world!) was over! And the naughty
puss came pouting to me, and made
the above pettish remark, to which I
added some of my own, and a few
gentle compliments on her plan of
campaign, and she cried, "Oh, then
you don't see any harm in flirting?"
To which I answered heartily: "Not
when flirter and flirtee are young and
attractive. I love to watch them at it."
And indeed I was even more
angry at the fussy old gossip who had
interrupted the comedy than she was,
for there seemed to me no harm in
eye a subtle pity dawning in the
maid's roguish face for that tormented
man, a pity which, if he only knew,
is first cousin to the sly god whose
altar is besieged with his implorings.

Have you ever remarked the lack
of graciousness in the manner of our
women toward men? It is a horrid
side slap from the woman's righters
perhaps, that coldness or reserve, or
slighting contemplation which many
women show to men, no matter how
agreeable they wish to be. If you
tax them with it, these women say,
"Oh, I cannot be free and easy with
men. I cannot court them and toady
to them, either." These aforemen-
tioned attitudes are the only ones
which seem achievable to the ordi-
nary woman, but there is another, most
worthy and beautiful, which I can
only define as gracious. It makes a
man up to his best; you see him re-
sponding with courtliness and chivalry,
and blossoming out into a very pretty
fellow under that genial encourag-
ing graciousness. A jealous or
nervous or cheap woman cannot
achieve graciousness, it's a
truly queenly attitude, only be-
taining to her who is mistress of her-
self, respecting her womanhood as
the most precious and worthy thing,
equally worthy with the manhood

Rain will neither
wet nor spot your
coat if it's a



Cravenette

But make sure it
is a "Cravenette"
and not a substitute.
Every yard of the
genuine bears the
"Cravenette" trade-
mark. Look for it and accept no
other.

which she recognizes with that su-
perior geniality [am calling gracious-
ness. In Austria they call one "gra-
cious lady" when they want to imply
respect and appreciation. To be a
gracious lady is not always easy, and
sometimes impossible, but we might
make an attempt at it with pleasant
results.

A wagon-load of furniture came out
of storage, and walls resounded from
the owners thereof. All that could
rust was rusty, all that moths could
eat was chewed into fragments, hinges
were wrenched off, corners and locks
and ornaments were in bits, chair
linings were in slits, and one or two
very game legs stuck up brazenly.
"We might better have sold them five
years ago for whatever they'd bring,"
said the man of the house as he paid
the express man and mentally added
up his storage bill. But we won't
break loose from the dominance of
ownership. We hoard old junk which
we might far better put in active ser-
vice for needy folk, such a weird lot
of rubbish we load our souls and bod-
ies with, and for both we must
pay storage. Oh that storage one
pays for love laid by, for ambition
unrealized, for revenge cherished and
never sated, for things better forgot-
ten, for feelings better changed into
active energies of to-day for the help
and betterment of others! Say, good
gossip, what are you paying storage
for, in some dim and dark corner of
your soul? Perhaps if you take a
good look, you'll see it's not worth
hoarding, and put it out in the lane!



LADY GAY.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The study
questions to be answered are the follow-
ing: 1. Graphological studies must
consist of at least six lines of original matter,
including several capital letters. 2. Letters
will be answered in their order, unless under
unusual circumstances. Correspondents need
not take up their own and the Editor's time
by writing reminders and requests for haste.
3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not
studied. 4. Please address Correspondence
Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by
Coupon are not studied.

Corb.—You need to give the exact
date, not merely the month. For in-
stance, after March 21st, you would
come under the April sign. Your
writing is strong and tenacious; a per-
son not easily convinced or influenced,
though not particularly long-headed
and rather apt to think more of sur-
face values than real worth. You
are not always sincere, and would not
invariably be a discreet confidant. The
nature is not quite harmonious, has
some awkward turns, and may be pre-
judicial in small matters. The tone
is conservative and averse to change,
broad and new thought, and the im-
pulse to sympathy is constrained. It
is a clever and strong, willing but not
an ingratiating, study. It has the elu-
siveness of Pisces, and the self-will of
Aries.

Mignonetta.—February 4th brings
you under the air sign Aquarius, ruling
from January 20th to February
19th. Aquarius women are often
unusually blessed with powers in cer-
tain directions which they, unfortunately,
are too indifferent, even lazy, to de-
velop and employ. To recognize
and use opportunity is the Aquarius
key to progress, more than in any
other sign. Your enquiry about
palmistry has so often been answered
in this column. It is an interesting
and sometimes useful study. I
am not an adept, and, there-
fore, cannot tell to what ex-
tent it is reliable. As to making your-
self out to have come from Ireland
when you are really Devonshire-born,
does that lie appeal to you? Curious
how people juggle the truth, and see
an attraction in the process! Drop
a hint, dear woman, it's too
astute. Devonshire doesn't touch the
heart of me in just the same way as
Erin does, but I could tell you a very
pretty romance of Devon, had I the
chance. Listen to a sentence from
a wise book on the zodiac: "There
is some untruth found in this sign,
seldom malicious, born of an over-
weening desire to appear to the best
advantage." Thanks for your sec-
ond letter. The writing is admir-
able, and shows some of the finest
Aquarius traits. Discretion, care for
detail, candor, and honesty are four of
them. (There is an ingratiating,
spontaneous touch, which is very at-
tractive.) A great deal of feeling,
quick sympathy, fine practical pur-
pose and even just judgment are some
others. You should be clever and
apt, and think quickly and brightly.

H. B. E.—Thanks for good word.
I have no time just now for extended
answer. The card will go with many
other remembrances from all over
creation. Did the "Oanfa" come up
that little canal? I take the greatest
interest, as always, in the well-being
of one of its officials. The old cap-
tain is limbing steadily up in years
and honors, and we talked over that
voyage we all took together one day
last year.

Yum-Yum.—Your little screed with
the shamrock attached, and dated St.
Patrick's Day, was very welcome.
Such little heart touches always are.
Your writing shows some abrupt and
sudden impulse, a direct and courage-
ous method, and a somewhat unreli-
able judgment. There isn't much di-
plomacy in your make-up. You won't
lightly relinquish a conviction or a
friend, and have a good deal of prac-
tical purpose and a generous and self-
reliant nature. It would probably
be easy to touch your pride, and you
don't often wait for second thoughts.
I fancy time will change and amelior-
ate you.

Catherine.—Why live in the shadow
of apprehension, my Capricorn friend?
True, your sign belongs to the dark
side of the year, but there are splen-
did developments in January, and the
possibilities are great for Capricorn.
January 17th is a very good time to
be born, I assure you. Its children

are deep thinkers, reverent intellect, and
are devotees of book knowledge.
Every Capricorn person, rich as well
as poor, should have good instruction
in business affairs. They are par-
ticular about appearances, discreet
financiers, possessing taste in arrange-
ment, and good management. They
love to work, if untrammelled and left
to themselves, but are apt to be rest-
less under too much direction. Big
things appeal to them, but small re-
turns rather discourage them. Their
worst weakness is a tendency to des-
pond, with no adequate reason. It is
the most brilliant and the most de-
pressed sign of the zodiac. Your
very able and interesting writing be-
speaks a strong individuality with the
true Capricorn independence and a
touch of adaptability, very valuable
to one born under that sign.

Sundry Querists.—In answer to nu-
merous questions on etiquette which
"you all" have sent me, I am answer-
ing you together: 1. A bridal recep-
tion at which you call and leave your
card exacts a visit from the bride in
due time. 2. When a widow gives a
dinner, her son leads the way to the
dining-room with the most important
woman guest. The hostess enters
last with the most important man
guest. 3. Entering a theater, the
host leads the way, ladies following;
entering a church, the reverse is the
fashion. 4. It's not compulsory for
the bride or groom to make presents to
the bridesmaids and ushers, but it
is a pleasant custom often observed.
5. The groom provides the bouquet
for the bride, but should consult her
preference in flowers. He also often
sends flowers to the bridesmaids. 6.
Taking a man and woman guest to
church, the hostess goes into the pew
first, leaving the guests to sit to-
gether. Never send the man in ahead
of either lady. 7. A call after a tea
or reception is one of the minor cour-
tesies observed by the well-bred. 8.
It depends; if an intimate friend, on
the right of the hostess, otherwise
beside the host. 9. In regard to the
precedence at such an affair I can
only say that if it wasn't observed,
it should have been. Which had you
rather be, the woman who was not
given her proper place, or the as-
suming one, careless of the person
who took that place from her. 10.
It isn't the rule in this country to
leave cards when attending a tea.
These answers will be found by the
several correspondents who have
written and forgotten to give me their
nom de plume.

Resigned.—Your sign is an earth
one, Virgo, which rules from Aug.
22 to Sept. 23. Your writing indi-
cates that you are a strong, nervy,
energetic specimen, of good sequence
of ideas, practical and independent,
with some originality, hope and dis-
cretion. The study lacks inspiration
and is capable of far wider and finer
work than has yet aided in its de-
velopment. I hope you will "have
your chance," that Virgo talisman,
and I know you'll do it proud. Any
occult study, any means of increasing
your psychic power and spiritual
outlook will help.

Avalon.—It is quite likely I shall
hear the East-a-calling. Isn't it funny
that the West is dumb. We, too,
knew her who is gone, as maid and
wife, and realize her loss as you do.
But it is time worse than wasted to
mourn and reiterate lamentations.
She has gone, so the Sisters tell us,
to a specially lovely and blessed cor-
ner, made for those who give and lose
life at the same time. Peace follow
her, lovely and radiant as you and I
knew her always. There is a motor
car down there where you and I want
to be. Fancy motoring in that
country! And the little maid at
Gaultois doesn't want to see me a
bit more than I to see her—shake!

Education.
The principal of one of Washing-
ton's high schools relates an incident
in connection with the last com-
mencement day of the institution
mentioned. A clever girl had taken
one of the principal prizes. At the
close of the exercises her friends
crowded about her to offer congratula-
tions. "Weren't you awfully afraid you
wouldn't get it, Hattie," asked one,
"when there were so many contest-
ants?"
"Oh, no!" cheerily exclaimed Hat-
tie. "Because I knew that when it
came to English composition I had
'em all skinned alive!"—Harper's
Weekly.

She Was Qualified.
Mistress: Above all, I want a serv-
ant who has some refinement.
Applicant—Well, madame, I've
been operated on for appendicitis and
had ptomaine poisoning twice.—
Translated from "Megendorfer Blät-
ter."

JUST FOOD
Nature's Cure.

One of the most important discover-
ies of late is the application of the
right kind of food to rebuild the lost
substances of the body, thrown off
by the active, nervous work of Amer-
icans.

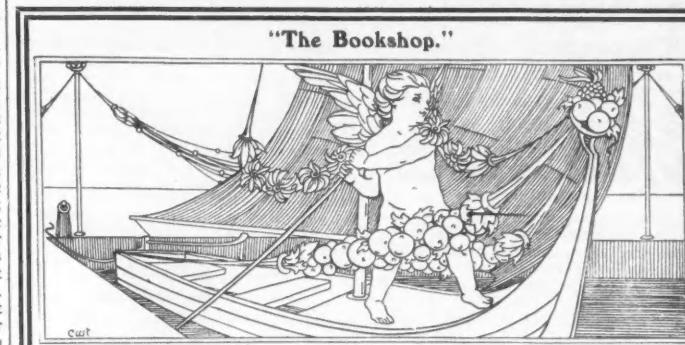
Careful investigation by experts in
food and dietetics, has brought out
the fact that albumen, which is con-
tained in various foods, is acted upon
by phosphate of potash, not such as
obtained in drug stores, but such as
is found in certain parts of the field
grains in most minute particles, ar-
ranged in Nature's laboratory, not
man's.

The part of the grains containing
phosphate of potash is used in the
manufacture of Grape-Nuts food,
therefore the active, nervous, push-
ing brain-worker can feed the body
with food that goes directly to the
rebuilding of the broken-down gray
matter in the brain, solar plexus and
nerve centres all over the body, with
the result that the individual who re-
freshes and rebuilds the body with
proper material of this sort, obtains
a definite result, which he can feel
and know of and which is apparent
to his friends.

A vigorous brain and nervous sys-
tem is of the greatest importance to
any business man or brain-worker.

A REFINED TASTE APPRECIATES "SALADA"

CEYLON TEA
Gold Label
Of all grocers at 60c. per pound.
Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.



A Bride's Invitation

Everything from the most elaborate and tastefully
engraved Wedding Invitation to the plainest Announce-
ment bears the evidence of perfect and correct form
when ordered from us. Our many years of experience
in the highest class engraving has brought us to the
point where we are regarded as authorities in such matters.
We make a specialty of designing and engraving all
classes of Wedding Stationery in the highest style of
modern art.
Samples of our work cordially furnished on applica-
tion if probable quantity is stated.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
7 and 9 King Street East TORONTO



Corticelli & A WASH SILKS

Are used by
Art Societies everywhere

IT HAS NO
EQUAL
FOR KEEPING
THE SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH
AND WHITE
AT
ALL SEASONS.

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."

BEETHAM'S Larola

SOOTHING and REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England.)
SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham,
ENGLAND.

It entirely Removes
and Prevents all
ROUGHNESS
CHAPS,
IRRITATION,
TAN, etc.
It is unequalled
as a
SKIN TONIC
as well as an
EMOLLIENT.

Old Furniture

Years spent in wandering and
gathering amongst the Old Country
mansions and farm-houses of Eng-
land and the Continent have brought
together a unique collection of genu-
ine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old
French Furniture, Sheffield Plate,
Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old
Silver, etc.

B.M. & T. Jenkins

422-424 Yonge St.,
Toronto.
Montreal. London, Eng.

Boils and Pimples

Red Rash, Eczema, in fact any skin disease, disfigures the complexion because the bowels are constipated—or because the kidneys do not rid the system of waste—or because the skin itself is unhealthy.

Ointments, salves and soaps are useless. Because the trouble is with the blood.

Owing to defective action of bowels, kidneys or skin, the blood becomes laden with impurities. It is these impurities—deposited by the blood—that make boils, pimples, and painful, disfiguring skin diseases. It is because the trouble is with the bowels, kidneys or skin, that FRUIT-A-TIVES cure these diseases.

Fruit-a-tives

act directly on the eliminating organs—correct their irregularities—strengthen them—and thus clear the skin and make the complexion clear and soft.

If you have any skin trouble—or any fault with constipation, liver trouble, biliousness, headaches, indigestion, rheumatism—cure yourself with Fruit-a-tives. They are made of fruit juices and tonics—and never fail to cure.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

LIGHT and AIRY

Tourist cars on the Union Pacific are clean and light and airy. Overcrowding in them is a condition that is absolutely avoided. The seats are upholstered in rattan, and at night the berths hung with heavy curtains. Bevel plate glass windows ornament the sides of the cars; the wide vestibules are enclosed and traveling is made altogether comfortable.

If you cross the continent in one of the tourist sleepers of the Union Pacific you will enjoy your trip and save considerable money.

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Q.O.R. Officer's Uniform, Bargain, can be seen at

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Preston Springs, Ont.

The popular Health Resort and Mineral Springs under new management. Renovated throughout. Excellent cuisine.

J. W. HIRST & SONS, Props.
Late of the Elliott House, Toronto

THE NAME

Cosgrave

SIGNIFIES

SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO.
And of all Beverage Holders.
Telephone Park 140.

Men's Attire

THE art of the merchant tailor is not merely a phrase; it is more than a jingle of words pleasing to the man who makes men. There are some who treat him as a tradesman only, even though we owe him much of what we are, and a large proportion of us consider him a necessary evil. But not one in a thousand ever gives him the credit that should be his, if he has approached the top of his profession. Clothes-making to most of us is a combination of the tape-line, the pattern, and the mechanical journeyman tailor. Surely, anyone with a little experience, we think, can measure the length of a sleeve, draft a pattern therefrom, and send the wearer away satisfied.

Were this measuring and following a pattern all, King street might be a row of grocery stores, and no man would need a mirror. The stages in the making of a coat are comparatively unimportant in many ways, until it comes to the fitting on—the period every man hates, and most of them endure only as one of the inconveniences of being well dressed. The tricks of the trade for making a seam



The two-inch String Tie, with one of the new Check Shirts.

hang straight, a collar "set" well, a skirt flare symmetrically, an instep break evenly, are too complex to be grasped by any mind not trained to the scissors. An inch in here, another out there, a bit of padding, will smooth out a wrinkle half the width of the coat distant.

The padding of men's garments has acquired as important a place in the build of a man as the outside world sees him, as it is commonly reported to have with the opposite sex. The difference is that with us it is employed more often (apart from the shoulders) to secure the proper hang of a garment rather than to make the wearer appear of large proportions; the aim is symmetry rather than size. The tailor who has much to learn builds up the shoulders, since everyone knows that not a dozen men in town show us their natural shoulder. But the high-class tailor can put in a tiny bit of padding under the shoulder, over the hip, or under the lapel, and lo! the most awkwardly formed, lop-sided man becomes a model of symmetry.

The creases which appear in every bit of clothing man wears, save his waistcoat, are inventions of the tailor, and are distinctively his. To-day the man who is well dressed, has a crease down each side seam of his sack coat from just below the waistline to within an inch of the bottom; in his new spring overcoat, whether topper or semi-fitting Chesterfield, the same appears, and in the loose box Chesterfield the entire side seam is creased; his evening and afternoon dress coat are creased down the skirt seams; and, of course, his trousers show the iron, front and back.

There are those who assert that the crease is going out of fashion, and a few young fellows have been foolish enough to believe it. Apart from the fact that this is not so, it would be a sorry day for man's appearance if the crease should disappear. In the light of the present agitation against it, in some limited circles, I cannot emphasize too strongly the unsightly results of such an innovation. The best trousers ever made are but cylinders, and the high-class tailor might profit by it. Certain it is that the crease passes many a pair of trousers and coat. The bell on the semi-fitting coat cannot be maintained without the crease, nor do trousers last as long or look as smooth and new if the crease is neglected. After a hard day's travel, when which there is nothing harder on a suit of clothes, the refreshing of the creases puts everything into good shape again. Therefore, every man should fight any steps towards the abolition of the crease, especially in the trousers.

My attention has been called to a colloquialism used in my last letter, which would be misleading to the man who goes in for correct terms in men's wear. I spoke of the dwindling popularity of bow ties, when,

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER



a delicious dentifrice. Free from acid and grit. Just the thing for those who have an inclination for the niceties of every-day life. Ask your dentist.

course, I meant string ties. The bow, properly speaking, is the ready-made affair sold on bargain days, while the string is the tied-by-hand tie, which, when adjusted, resembles the bow. I used the term purposely because it is the familiar name for it. However, it is the string, not the bow, which is just opening up as a popular new shape.

It is a number of years since this tie was worn, and most men will welcome it for summer wear without the vest. With the vest, it is doubtful if it goes well with the soft shirt, which, in my opinion, is fitted only for the no-vest season. The four-in-hand assists wonderfully to keep the soft front in shape, when a vest is worn, but the string leaves a half-foot of untidy looseness in the vest opening. At the same time it will be made worn with stiff and soft front shirts from now on.

In shape it is the familiar paddled-end, although some are misnaming it the bat-wing. It is two inches wide, with square ends, and is confined, thus far, to plain colors without pattern. All of the glowing shades of the present four-in-hand are shown in it, but the darker shades are favored. The finish of the end is getting to be a big part of it. In some it is drop or hem-stitched, in others fringed, and the newest end has a way line of stitching in contrasting color. I suppose that later on we will get the patterned string, and when we do, men who care will cease to wear it.

CHESTERFIELD, JR.

How the Boy Fooled Them.

There is a good story told of a man who has become a most successful merchant. A few years ago he was employed as an office boy and messenger for a large firm. He was sent to collect an account from a firm which was considered very "shaky," and was told to get the money at all hazards. The debtors gave him a cheque for \$250. He went to the bank at once to cash it, and was told by the cashier that there was not enough funds in to meet it. "How much short?" asked the lad. "Seven dollars," was the answer. It lacked but a minute or two of the time for the bank to close. The boy felt in his pockets, took out \$7, and, pushing it through the window, said, "Put that to the credit of Blank & Co."

The cashier did so, whereupon the boy presented the cheque and got the money. Blank & Co. failed the next day, and their chagrin can be better imagined than described when they found out the trick that had been played upon them.—Bamberg "Herald."

A Broken Allegiance.

The worm had turned at last. For three weeks he had borne all the terrors of spring cleaning without a murmur. Then, having endured fifty per cent. more than the gentleman who relates his experiences on page 496, his patience gave way, and he made a few savage, caustic, not to say pointed, remarks about spring, his wife, and cleanliness generally.

"And you," she sobbed—"you used to call me your queen!"

"Yes," he said, with a wild glare in his eyes; "that is quite true. But when a man finds his queen has even used his best tobacco-jar for pale-oak varnish, he begins to see the beauties of a blessed republic!"

And then she sobbed some more.—"Answers."

Hoax—How do I look in this dress suit?

Joax—Fine; why don't you buy one?—Philadelphia "Record."

A Canadian in Tibet.

THE word "American" covers a multitude of people, scattered all the way from the North Pole, to in a recent issue of "Smith's Magazine" its use certainly would lead one to suppose that the subject of the article, "A Courageous American Missionary," is a native of the United States. On the contrary, Dr. Susan Carson Rijnhart, whose adventures are related, is a Canadian whose home was in Stratford, and whose medical education was received at the Woman's Medical College, Toronto. Dr. Carson became the wife of a missionary, with whom she went to the land of Tibet about ten years ago. For four years they worked, chiefly as physicians, among the Tibetans, slowly penetrating what had been regarded as inaccessible territory. Lhasa, one of the sacred cities of Buddhism was their goal, and they applied themselves earnestly to a study of that faith, and tried to find out the approaches to a city that has perhaps aroused more curiosity than any other in the East. They had been slowly traveling towards this point for more than twelve months, when their only child was taken ill, and died.

Then their guides began to distrust their mission, and gradually deserted them, and, as they were crossing the Tsa Chu River, near the great city, they were attacked by brigands, and their last guide was killed. After finding a shelter for his wife, Dr. Rijnhart went out to reconnoitre the district, and was captured, and the rumor followed that he had been killed. His wife was left helpless until some passing Tibetan soldiers took her under their charge and conducted her to the frontier. After trials such as are rarely endured, Dr. Susan Rijnhart reached the coast and sailed for Canada. While here she gave several addresses on the benighted condition of Tibet, which she seemed to consider in the greatest need of missionary activity. Undaunted by the terrible bereavement she has suffered, Dr. Rijnhart has returned to the East, expecting to make her way once more to the Forbidden Country. Those who knew her in the days when she was practising in a town of Western Ontario have no doubt that she will do all that a courageous woman can to bring help and healing to those who are in need.

New York Letter

MAXIM GORKI is probably one of the greatest forces in the world of letters today. He is also a patriot and a social reformer, and a logical exponent of the revolutionary faith now sweeping over Russia. On landing here he met with a reception that, for enthusiasm and warmth, recalls that tendered to Louis Kossuth some years ago. Official recognition of his presence was, of course, out of the question. But, in every other way American hospitality rose to the occasion, and a round of dining and winning that even royalty might envy seemed inevitable. Literary America came to the front with plans for a dinner that should be in every sense a tribute worthy of American letters to Russia's foremost representative in the field. And in the proposed list of guests only the prominent in letters were to be included.

The week had not passed when the distinguished visitor and his belongings were ignominiously piled into a cab and driven from one hostelry to another in a vain search for accommodation. By chance or design it had been discovered that Madame Gorki was such in name only, and that a real Madame Gorki had been left behind in Russia. The discovery was too much for our parochial standards of respectability, and American hospitality was not only promptly withdrawn, but the courtesies, one might even say the decencies, of a civilized society denied the guest. Even the men of letters who were tumbling over one another in their eagerness to grasp the hand of their great contemporary and do him honor, quietly tiptoed away, leaving their guest neglected and the viands of the promised dinner untouched. The whole situation seemed so undignified that Gorki refused explanations, and is now busily at work somewhere in hiding.

We have a perfect right to our own standards of morality, of course, but the duty of imposing these standards on others, especially when we become their host, seems less clear. Gorki has besides taken some pains to amplify his views on social questions and life generally, and might naturally infer that these views were somewhat known to his ardent admirers, so that the charge of deception need not hold; while the hypocrisy to which we all subscribe, of holding in theory what we deny in practice, was probably unforeseen. For instance, as a nation and as individuals we profess the doctrines of Christianity. Yet, if any of our friends ventured to put Christ's precepts into practice we would promptly clap him into an asylum.

It appears also that we have been rather hasty as to facts. In Russia divorce is practically impossible and unsought. But, should two persons publicly announce their intentions of living together as man and wife, they are so acknowledged. The present Madame Gorki, who is a woman of high birth, education, and wealth, and devoted to the patriot cause, has been received everywhere in her own country, and with her distinguished husband has been the honored guest of Tolstoi. The former Madame Gorki has likewise formed other ties, and the separation appears to have been perfectly mutual and satisfactory, so that the suspicion of neglect is also unfounded.

But, however all this may be, the bottom has fallen out of Gorki's mission, as well as out of the bag which was to carry American treasure back to the patriot cause.

Just at this moment too America is pouring her treasure into the San Francisco Relief Fund, and New York's generous response to the appeal of the stricken coast city presents her in a much better light than the Gorki incident. In two days this metropolis raised as many million dollars, and among the largest contributors are merchants and financiers who stand to lose heaviest through the disaster.

Churches also throughout the city are contributing a Sunday's receipts to the fund, and almost every theatrical manager is arranging a benefit or donating the proceeds of a regular performance to the same cause. The receipts of the two-hundredth performance of "Peter Pan," for instance, went in this direction, and the Hippodrome handed over Saturday's earnings in the same way. Mr. Belasco, an old San Franciscoan, has also announced the joint appearance of David Warfield and Blanche Bates in a benefit performance. But these are merely instances of the general response noted everywhere.

In theatrical circles, Mr. Mansfield's annual New York engagement, Mr. Laurence's production of "The Greater Love," Benjamin Chapin's "Lincoln," and Barnum's circus, have been the most important recently. Whatever our personal opinion of the merits of Mr. Mansfield's acting, there is no room to doubt the place he holds in the estimation of the public. By common consent he is the representative actor of the American stage. Whether his individual work as an actor entitles him to the place or not, is open to reasonable question. But he has stood for the highest expression of the dramatic art at all times, and his success in the dual role of actor-manager has enabled him to

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carry to a satisfactory conclusion the tenets of his own dramatic creed.

"The Greater Love," which represents Mr. Laurence's latest and most ambitious effort, is a drama of considerable poetic beauty and historic interest, built around the character of the great Mozart. Mrs. Ivy Ashton Root, the author, brings to the task a very sincere reverence for the composer and employs his music freely in the course of the play. Many of the well-known incidents of his life are used to throw sidelights upon his character; and his tender relation to the Weber family, where he made his home, forms the domestic background of the piece.

The same observations may be applied to the characterization of "Lincoln" which we have just witnessed at the hands of Mr. Benjamin Chapin, in a play named after the central figure. Mr. Chapin, who is author as well as actor, in this instance, is perhaps an authority on the life of the great war President, and a frequent writer and speaker on the subject. Physically, too, he bears a startling resemblance to the original, and has been able to reproduce many of the tricks and oddities of expression characteristic of the somewhat uncouth man of genius.

Among the changes which have been rung in theatrical affairs of late one of the most important to the followers of the literary drama, at least, is the return from their long exile of Mr. George Bernard Shaw and his foremost stage exponent in this country, Mr. Arnold Daly. Many things have happened since Mrs. Warren's "Suppression," now called "The Offering on the present occasion is "Arms and the Man," produced here for the first time in 1894 by Mr. Mansfield. The Shaw cult had not been developed at that time, however, and the presentation had the interest merely of a brilliant, but not clearly understood, comedy, which Mr. Mansfield had thought worthy to add to his repertoire.

J. E. W.

The Egotism of Genius.

Richard Mansfield's just appreciation of his own talents is sometimes rather forcibly impressed upon his fellow-actors. At the production of a recent play Mansfield was personally superintending the rehearsals. The leading woman had a difficult part which she did not do to the star actor's satisfaction. His voice came ominously from the darkness of the wing, "Miss K—, go over that part again." The actress repeated her lines.

"Again," relentlessly said Mansfield. Once more the actress nervously went through her part. Then a firm stride was heard, and Mr. Mansfield stood in the center of

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the stage, hands clasped, eyes upturned, his voice booming in deep chest tones:

"Good heavens, would there had been given to this woman a little of the intelligence that was so bountifully bestowed upon me!"—"Woman's Home Companion."

"Farmers," announced the fair visitor from the city, "are just as dishonest as city milkmen." "How d'ye make that out?" asked the host. "Why, I saw your hired man this morning water every one of the cows before he milked them."—"Cleveland Plain Dealer."



"MELODRAMA," which formerly meant a drama with music, is now extensively employed to signify declamation with instrumental accompaniment, in which sense it is said to have been invented by Jean Jacques Rousseau, who won a great success with his "Pygmalion," 1773. Dr. Riemann is of opinion that melodrama is a hybrid art species of reprehensible aesthetic character, for it is impossible, he says, to understand why the speech is not intensified, so as to become recitative, or something even beyond. Mascagni uses the word "melodrama" to describe his opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," thus reverting to the old meaning of the term. However, I do not propose to enter into a discussion of the exact status of the form, but to record that, as illustrated by Messrs. R. S. Pigott and Frank Welsman at the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday evening, it proved to be extremely interesting, and to have a unique fascination. The hall was crowded by a large and fashionable audience, who, no doubt, felt the same curiosity that I experienced myself to hear a recital of the kind by two such artists. The first work recited was Bjornson's "Lament of Bergliot," music by Grieg, which was finely and expressively read by Mr. Pigott, who, moreover, skillfully pitched his voice to harmonize with the music. Grieg has set the music with great judgment, his material being free from complexity, and so arranged as not to interfere with the reading. It is more suggestive than descriptive. The funeral march at the close reminds one strongly of the Chopin funeral march. Mr. Welsman gave a beautiful rendering of the music, marked by rare intelligence and judgment, always in sympathy with the reader, and distinguished by refined nuances of tone. The second work was Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," music by Richard Strauss. This music is more in the character of a symphonic poem, Strauss having not only written a prelude descriptive of the locale of the home of the Ardens, but typical themes, illustrative of the characters, which constantly recur. The Enoch motive, for instance, suggests the rocking of the fishing-boat of the hero. Mr. Pigott read the poem with tenderness and sympathy of feeling, with a pathos which, without being theatrical, moved his hearers. Mr. Pigott's dramatic experience and his histrionic ability made him an admirable exponent of the poem. One might mention that the printed programme and the setting of the stage were in artistic harmony with the performance.

Mr. Peter Kennedy has resigned his position as organist and choirmaster of the Cowan avenue Presbyterian church.

Harrowing details of Robert Schumann's incipient insanity are given in the second volume of Litzmann's biography of Clara Schumann, recently issued by Breitkopf & Härtel. Soon after their marriage Robert and Clara began a diary, in which they intended to write down their experiences, he one week, she the next. Ere long, however, this task fell mostly on her, he being too busy composing; they found it difficult to earn enough for a living. They had two pianos in the house, but she complains of not feeling inclined to practise while he was composing, and he composed nearly all the time. Becoming reconciled to the situation, she writes (1849): "I am often quite carried away by admiration of my Robert. Where does he get all this fire, fantasy, freshness, originality? Always that question presents itself, and then one must say that he is an exceptionally fortunate man in being endowed with such a creative power." She did not realize what her family physician saw, that this increased creative activity was the source of the terrible mental disease to which the composer succumbed. One of the first symptoms was that all noise sounded to him like music. "He says it is music, so entrancing and played by wonderfully sounding instruments, such as one never hears on earth."

One night he got up and wrote down a theme which, he said, had been sung for him by angels. Then he went back to bed, but all night he lay awake gazing upward, convinced that angels were hovering over him and singing. Morning came, and with it a terrible change. The angel voices changed to the utterances of demons, who denounced him as a sinner, and said they would cast him into hell. Then he screamed with terror, because he thought tigers and hyenas were attacking him. Not long afterwards he attempted to drown himself in the Rhine (a circumstance which was kept from his wife), and had to be confined in an asylum. During this terrible time Dietrich, Joachim, and Brahms were the faithful friends of Franz Schumann.

The young people of St. James' church, Port Colborne, on Tuesday evening, April 24th, gave a talented initial production of a cantata, "Home is the Best," before a crowded house. The story is of two little children, who, having grown weary of home and playmates, stray into Brownieland, hoping to find perfect contentment. They are discovered by King Umber and his retinue, who accept them into the kingdom. The main part of the action is in the forest, and the dialogue deals with Brownie escapades. Playmates of the children come in search of the wanderers, and beg the king for their release. This Peter Pan of the woods, however, is loth to let them go, but when he learns fully of the sadness their absence has caused, he relents. The libretto is by Mrs. Carrie A. Cranall, a well-known song-writer of Buffalo, and the music by Mrs. J. A. Tupper Noble of Port Colborne. The melodies are sweet and tuneful, and

the cantata contains a number of solos, duets and choruses that are quite taking.

A vocal recital was given at the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening, April 26th, by Miss Evelyn Ashworth, another of Dr. Torrington's promising pupils. With a soprano voice, clear and sympathetic, she rendered her songs in a manner which merited the decided approval shown by the audience present. Her programme included the following numbers: Horrocks, "The Bird and the Rose," Mendelssohn, "The First Violet," Hatten, "The Enchantress," Schubert, "Ave Maria," Torrence, "Show Me Thy Ways," St. Quentin, "Beyond," duet, Godard, "Florian's Song," Purcell, "Nymphs and Shepherds," Becker, "Spring Time," Handel, air, "Rejoice Greatly," Smart, "The Lord is My Shepherd," duet; Saint-Saens, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," In the duet, "At the Well," My Shepherd, Miss Ashworth was assisted by Miss Olive Scholey, and in the duet, "Beyond," by Mr. Walter Clarke. Miss McKenzie, the pianist of the evening, contributed Etude, Op. 25, No. 7, Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2, by Chopin, and the Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, by Mendelssohn. Two readings, "Longing for Home" (Langslow) and "Nicholas," by Theobald, leaving the Yorkshire School" (Dickens), by Miss Ida Landers of the School of Expression were given in a finished manner.

Brant avenue Methodist church, Brantford, was crowded to the doors on Tuesday evening, April 24th, when the choir of fifty voices, under the direction of Mr. H. K. Jordan, gave an excellent rendering of Handel's "Messiah." The bass role was sung by Mr. F. H. Burt, Mus. Bac. of this city. Commenting on the performance, the Brantford "Expositor" says: "Mr. F. H. Burt, who sang the bass role, is no stranger in this city, and his return was very welcome. Mr. Burt has a rich and powerful tone and gives a scholarly interpretation of the numbers assigned him. The great solo, 'Why Do the Nations,' won him a storm of applause, and but for the lateness of the hour, undoubtedly both that number and 'The Trumpet Shall Sound' would have been redemanded by the audience."

Mr. Rechab Tandy and his pupils gave an enjoyable evening of songs and duets on Monday, April 30th, at the Conservatory of Music. The audience was large in numbers and loud in applause of all the items on the programme. Those taking part were: Mrs. Mina Ryley, Miss Olive Madge, Miss Christine Thomson, Miss Marie Houston, Miss Nellie F. Guess, Miss Myrtle Gallagher, Mr. Crawford R. Butler, Mr. Robert Kenney. In the singing of these pupils they showed careful training in voice placement and expression, as well as enunciation and interpretation. Mr. Tandy sang selections from Handel's Oratorio "Samson," and "Judas Maccabaeus," a group of national songs, and Gounod's grand aria, "Lend Me Your Aid," for which he was recalled many times. Mr. Tandy's cultured, robust tenor voice was in good form, and the audience were most enthusiastic. Miss Mary McCarthy, pupil of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, played a piano number with excellent technique and style, and Miss Nora Hayes, pupil of Miss Lena M. Hayes, played a double violin number with a great deal of finish and good execution. Mrs. Louise Tandy-Murch played all the vocal accompaniments in a helpful manner.

A service of praise of a high order of excellence was given at Parkdale Methodist church on Tuesday evening, April 24th, by the choir of the church, under Mr. A. B. Jury's direction. The programme marked Mr. Jury's last public appearance in Toronto, prior to his departure for Buffalo this week, where he has accepted an important position in one of the leading churches of that city. The well-balanced choir was heard to advantage in a well-contrasted group of accompanied and unaccompanied choruses, and made a distinct impression in all of their singing, their work being characterized by promptness of attack, excellent quality of tone, faithful observance of nuances, and general warmth of expression. Several solos were sung with fine effect by members of the choir, and a solo and the brilliant obbligato of Rossini's "Inflammatus" was splendidly sung by Mrs. A. B. Jury, who, by her performances on this occasion, demonstrated the fact that she is in the very front of church soloists in Toronto. The recital as a whole reflected great credit upon Mr. Jury, whose work in the church during recent years has resulted in the establishment of a choir which is among the best in the city.

On Tuesday evening, at the Metropolitan School of Music, piano pupils of the director, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, assisted by Mr. Howard Russell (a vocal pupil of Mr. Francis H. Coombs), gave a very interesting recital. The pianists ranged from junior to senior grade, but throughout all of the performances there was manifest the well-known, admirable characteristics of Mr. Forsyth's artistic methods of instruction, these finding their culmination in the very beautiful and finished playing of Miss Anna C. Jeffrey. Mr. Russell has an excellent voice, and sings with taste and expression. He was heard in two selections, both of which were much appreciated. The piano numbers were: (a) Lullaby, Florestein, (b) Tarsantelle, Nevin, Miss Ivy A. M. Knox; Eros, Foerster, Miss Edna Arnot; Fascination Valse, Wachs, Miss Hazel Fegan; (a) Valse Petite, (b) Polonaise, Op. 40, Chopin, Miss Edith M. Yates; (a) Spring Song, Emil Liebling, (b) Bubbling Spring, Julia Rive-King, Miss Helen E.

Michell; Rigandon, Raff, Miss Norma F. Johnston; (a) Consolation, No. 4, Liszt, (b) Etude, Op. 10, No. 5, Chopin, Master Arthur Singer; (a) Love's Greeting, Elgar, (b) Air de Ballet, Op. 36, Moszkowski, Miss Ethel M. Jennings, and Valse in E major, Op. 34, Moszkowski, Miss Anna C. Jeffrey.

The Windsor and Walkerville Choral Society, under the able leadership of H. Whorlow Bull, gave Gaul's ever-popular cantata, "Holy City," before a large and appreciative audience on Thursday, April 26th, in Curry Hall, Windsor, Ont. The soloists were: Miss Elizabeth Emery, soprano, Detroit; Mrs. Charles Parker, contralto, Detroit; Mr. A. Ross Love, tenor, who acquitted themselves in a highly creditable and artistic manner. Mr. Bull was the bass soloist. An orchestra, under Mr. Henry McCaw, violinist, and Miss Irene Whittaker, at the piano, played the accompaniments in an efficient manner. After the cantata, a short miscellaneous programme was given.

Miss Bernice Van Horn, late of Boston, has been offered and has accepted the position of soprano soloist at the Metropolitan church, to succeed Miss Eileen Millett. She began her new duties last Sunday.

Dr. Torrington was taken by surprise on Friday evening of last week, when, at the regular practice of the choir of the Metropolitan church, a number of the young people of the church presented him with an address and a purse of gold. The address, in most appreciative terms, thanks to Dr. Torrington for the many hours of his time and talent which he had devoted to helping the young people at their meetings.

Dr. Norman Anderson was the solo organist at the Metropolitan church on Saturday afternoon last. He gave an able rendering of the following programme: Bach, Fugue in D minor; Handel, Fugue in B minor and Gavotte in B flat; Mendelssohn, Sonata, Franz, "Request," Saint-Saens, "Le Cygne," Guilmant, Sonata No. 1; Wagner, Pilgrims' Chorus and Elsa's Dream.

A most interesting vocal recital was given by pupils of Mr. David Ross on Saturday afternoon last in Nordheimer Hall, before a large gathering. Mr. Ross' talents as a teacher of high ideals were revealed in the rendering of a programme, which included compositions by Handel, Mozart, Verdi, Schubert, and Dubois. The work of the pupils was both finished and artistic. Those taking part were the Misses Eva Scythes, Madeline Carter, Lily Crossley, Mrs. Colwell, and Messrs. Gillespie, W. W. Demmery, G. H. Eaton, and A. D. Robertson. Master Arthur Singer, a pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, played with taste and brilliancy Moszkowski's Concert Valse for piano, Op. 34, and a Liszt Consolation.

Mr. Arthur Blight, baritone, has surprisingly developed of late, both in voice and artistic stature, as was convincingly shown at his recital at the Guild Hall last week. He won a great triumph in Damrosch's setting of "Danny Deever," the "Dio Possente," from "Faust," and "It is Enough," from "Elijah." In these his fine voice was heard to great advantage, and he rendered his music with much warmth of expression and with dignity of style. He was assisted by Mr. Harry Field, as solo pianist, who played very beautifully Schubert's Impromptu in B flat, and with surprising bravura the Liszt Rhapsody, No. 14, and the Chopin study in G flat.

A very interesting recital was given on Saturday afternoon last by advanced organ pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison at the Music Hall of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The following programme was admirably rendered: Mendelssohn, First Sonata, Mr. W. G. Rutherford; Bach, Toccata and Fugue D minor, Mr. A. E. Redsell; Arthur Foote (vocal), Irish Folk Song, Miss Edna Bird; Hollins, Andante in D, Mr. T. Herbert Parry; Guilmant, Sonata, Mr. Russell Marshall; Battiste, Offertoire in A, Mr. James Stott; Reginald Hahn (vocal), "Were My Songs With Wings Provided," and Rogers' "At Parting," Miss Frances Byford; Smart, March in D, Mr. T. Herbert Parry; Lemare, "Cantique d'Amour," Mr. W. G. Rutherford; Wheelodon, Grand Choeur, Mr. A. E. Redsell; Wilbey (vocal), "A Garden Song," Miss Edna Bird; Hollins, Intermezzo, Mr. Russell Marshall. In the Bach Fugue Mr. Redsell played in a good organ style, the subject being clearly enunciated, and the intricate passages played with clearness and brilliancy. Mr. Parry, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Stott played their numbers most satisfactorily, and Mr. Rutherford was

particularly successful in the Mendelssohn Sonata. The vocal numbers were all by members of Mrs. Ryan-Burke's classes, who, by their artistic work, added much to the success of the recital.

Miss Annie Reed, pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, has become soprano soloist at Dundas street Methodist church, London, Ont., where Mr. J. Parnell Morris is organist and choir-master.

Mr. Edward McGarvey, for some years one of the leading members of Carlton street Methodist church choir, has been appointed tenor soloist at Cooke's Presbyterian church. The soprano soloist of this choir, Miss Lucy Hudson, is also a graduate from Carlton street choir. Both are pupils of Mr. Sherlock.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock will sail for England in June, where he proposes to spend the summer months in a special course of study under some of the most eminent English teachers, and at the same time to gather information with reference to the great English oratorio societies, with a view to increasing the efficiency of his own society here. In the meantime arrangements are being advanced for next season's work, which will include a performance of Handel's fine oratorio, "Judas Macabaeus," on the last Thursday of January.

Mr. Blakeley is already booking engagements for organ recitals for next season, including a number of return dates. In Winton, St. Mary's, Kingston, Milton, and other places recently Mr. Blakeley met with his usual success, and will return to Milton next week.

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The Men From Glengarry.

NO county in the Dominion can count so many of its native-born who have distinguished themselves in the various lines of industry, as Glengarry, in which, for the purposes of this article, we include the county of Stormont, for, with the same sturdy stock, the two counties were largely peopled. They are to be found everywhere and in all walks of life. The Glengarryman, though a good farmer when he sets his mind to that occupation, is as a general thing dissatisfied with the calling of his forefathers, and either in his own country or elsewhere is found engaged in other avocations, and attaining more or less eminence in any branch of business in which he embarks.

The line of industry which far overshadows any other on this continent is the building of railways and public works generally, and the Glengarryman in this, as in others, surpasses his fellows.

Men of Glengarry have left their mark wherever they have gone throughout this wide continent, and we find that the four firms which to-day are the most prominent in the line of railway construction in America, are three of them from Glengarry, and one, the greatest, from Stormont.

J. D. McArthur, who has recently secured the contract for building the western section of the Transcontinental Railway, aggregating over \$13,000,000, is from Lancaster, and has been identified with big work for years, his latest achievement being the completion of the Canadian Northern from Winnipeg to Edmonton. He still has extensive contracts west of Winnipeg, and will have 654 miles under construction this year, with an aggregate of 10,000 men, a small army in itself, on his payroll by June 1. Mr. McArthur does not forget his old friends, and is a frequent visitor to Lancaster.

A. R. McDonald of the firm of Hogan & McDonald, who are to build the eastern section of the Transcontinental, to cost a trifle of four or five millions, is a grandson of the late Ranald McDonald of Williams-town, who, in years gone by, kept the hotel in that village, which gave place to the Convent, destroyed by fire ten or twelve years ago. His father, J. R. McDonald, was a railroad engineer and contractor of considerable reputation. Mr. McDonald built the Temiscouata Railway, from Riviere du Loup, Que., into New Brunswick, and lately completed the Temiskaming Railway to New Liskeard.

Another prominent contractor is D. D. McBean of New York city, also a Lancaster boy, and a cousin of A. G. McBean, Thornhill Farm, Lancaster. Mr. McBean has just finished the Harlem tunnel, New York, in the building of which he used new and original methods, which greatly facilitated the work. He has a bid in for the new Detroit River tunnel, which will run into a good many millions. Mr. McBean visited his old home a year or so ago, when he gave a generous contribution to the Lancaster Public Library.

James A. McIntosh and Donald McIntosh of Milwaukee, Wis., were recently awarded a contract for building 1,500 miles of road for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Corporation, the price of which was nearly \$50,000,000. This is said to be the largest contract ever given to one firm for railroad building on the continent of America, or in the world, for the matter of that. The McIntosh brothers are not Glengarry men, but next door to it, hailing originally from St. Andrews, and in their early days were farmers, with no special advantages over any of their neighbors, but with latent possibilities which time and opportunity have developed to the fullest extent.

Besides these there are the Grant brothers of California and New Mexico, W. A. Grant of Illinois, the McDougalls of Milwaukee, all in the front rank, and many others of lesser note.

These men have shed a lustre not only upon their native county, but upon the Dominion as well. They are particularized because they have attained the very highest standing as railway builders, but they do not by any means fill the list of distinguished Glengarrymen abroad. There are many others who are perhaps less distinguished, but who are nevertheless worthy of honor. It is gratifying to find that these men have not only shown the very highest capacity, but have acquired fortunes in the ventures in which they have been engaged.

Wherever a railway is building on this continent, you will generally find a man from Glengarry or Stormont on the work, and he is usually near the top of the pile; in fact it would not be too much to say that the men of these counties have built fully twenty-five per cent. of the railway mileage of the North American continent for several years back.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in the characters of the men to whom we have referred is their pride in being classed as men from Glengarry.—Cornwall "Freeholder."

Nordica Greater Than Ever.

Madame Lillian Nordica, who may well be described as Toronto's favorite singer, comes here on Tuesday evening next, to Massey Hall, when a very large and fashionable audience will undoubtedly gather to greet her. The musical critic of a newspaper in a United States city in which Mme. Nordica appeared a week ago, says:

"I never knew Nordica, our own particular queen of song, to be so gracious as she showed herself last night, adding five encores to the ten numbers of her programme.

"Our Lillian has grown in versatility as well as in art, and something has put a broader feeling into her heart. She never was as great as she is to-day. In appearance Nordica is thinner than she has been for some years, and she is as regal as ever."

Social and Personal.

An event of unusual interest took place on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock in St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Simcoe, where were solemnized the marriages of Miss Christie Anna Innes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Innes, to Mr. Howard William Hamilton Nelles, M.D., of Toledo, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ransom Hardy Nelles, and Miss Ellen Leila Nelles to Mr. Charles Edward Innes. The church was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies and palms, the warm, spring air blowing in at the windows, the softly modulated music of the organ (at which Mr. Percy Owen presided) and the impressive ceremony, which many friends had gathered to witness. A few minutes before the appointed hour the grooms, Dr. Nelles and Mr. C. E. Innes, accompanied by their groomsmen, Dr. T. R. B. Nelles and Mr. Sydney T. Livingston, and the officiating clergymen, the Rev. W. J. Dey and the Rev. R. J. Elliot, entered from the vestry, and awaited the bridal parties. Promptly at two o'clock the strains of bridal music from Lohengrin were heard. The bridal parties entered the church at the opposite aisles, and met at the altar. Miss Innes entered with her father, by whom she was given away. She was very stately and beautiful in a princess gown of heavy ivory basket-weave Indian silk; a yoke and panel of Irish crochet lace formed the front of the gown, fan-shaped emplacements of the same lace adorning the skirt. The yoke, panel, and bottom of the skirt were defined by tulle, festooned through silver rings. Her veil was of white tulle, held in place by a coronet of orange blossoms. She wore the groom's gift, a gold chain and pendant cross of gold studded with whole pearls, and carried a bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley, with a spray of white heather. Her maid of honor, Miss Dey, and her bridesmaids, Miss Nelles and Miss Ethel Matthews, looked lovely in gowns of white point d'esprit over white silk, white lace hats with pink bebe roses, and carried pink roses and asparagus fern. The gifts from the bridegroom were gold crosses and chains. The ushers were Mr. W. Southwell Bannister of 'T'edo, and Mr. Clarence Jackson of Chicago. The bride's going-away gown was pale grey, with white broadcloth collar braided with silver, opening over a white silk waist, and a raspberry toque, trimmed with Renaissance lace and parasol feathers. Miss Leila Nelles looked lovely in white silk crepe de Chine en princesse, the corsage having an exquisite Honiton lace bertha and transparent yoke. Her skirt was trimmed with true-lovers' knots of lace and ribbon, and caught up with clusters of orange blossoms. The bride wore her mother's wedding veil, with a coronet wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses, lily of the valley and heather. Her maid of honor, Miss Gertrude Wilson of Brantford, and the bridesmaids, Miss Beatrix Barber of Chicago and Miss Annie Copeland of Collingwood, wore charming gowns of white point d'esprit over white silk, and white lace hats with wreaths of pink bebe roses, and carried Meteor roses. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a pearl necklace, and to the maids, very dainty pearl pins. Mr. Sydney T. Livingston of Salt Lake City was groomsmen, and Mr. Frank Price of Hamilton, and Mr. Fred Dey of Simcoe, were ushers. The bride's going-away gown was grey, with touches of Alice-blue and white, and Alice-blue shot silk waist, and small hat in raspberry shades. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Innes left for a month's cruise in the West Indies, and Mr. and Mrs. Nelles for Washington, D.C. Mrs. Innes wore a handsome gown of black embroidered chiffon over black silk. The bodice had a plas-

tron and undersleeves of white embroidered chiffon, and a handsome collar of ribbon guipure. The bonnet was of white tulle, with crown of pink roses. Mrs. Nelles wore a dainty gown of ecru brocade crepe, trimmed with cream lace, with touches of pink and moss green, a French hat of green and pink roses, and carried carnations. Many cables and telegrams were received by the brides and grooms.

DOLLY VARDEN.

MODERN business life, it is said, is incompatible with the worship of the aesthetic and the beautiful. The increasing grace and elegance of our stores gives this assertion the lie. Merchants more and more are recognizing the value of good taste in shop decorations and counter displays. The days of unsightly advertising are on the wane. Commerce has called in the aid of art, and the result has been such an artistic effect as Ruskin demanded, a combination of the useful and the beautiful. There are a great many handsome stores in Toronto which carry out this ideal, but perhaps none more so than the recently opened Dolly Varden shoe store.

The name itself, with its delightful associations calls up visions of all that is chic and graceful, and is quite in keeping with the decorative scheme of the store. The dark wood of the high wainscoting, the fire-place, with its old-fashioned settle, the odd trinkets on the mantel, the quaint, burnished metal electric light globes, the small tables, with vases of lilies and tulips, combine to give a rich, eighteenth century effect, a feeling of refinement and repose. Everything forms an appropriate setting for the jewel-like brilliance of the Dolly Varden shoe, an article of ladies' footwear which is guaranteed to give the graceful contour of the original "Dainty Dolly's" ankles. There are no less than 150 styles of this shoe, and its fourteen leading features should recommend it to those with whom "French heels" are an abomination. The Dolly Varden shoe is constructed upon scientific hygienic principles, with a view to a natural position of the feet, plus, of course, beauty of design. Then there is the Foot-Rite shoe, for boys and men, in a great variety of shapes. Altogether, this new store is a distinct adornment to our streets. It contributes not only to the aesthetics of trade, but to the personal comfort of the wayfarer; for a good shoe is not the least of blessings.

Not Musical.

A working chap meandered into a classical concert in Glasgow the other evening, and sat down beside some gentry. The first piece he heard was by Wagner.

After it was finished he turned to a well-lauded enthusiast and remarked, "Man, that jist minds me o' hame." "Oh," said the courteous listener, "you—they must be musical." "Not they." "Then your wife; she must be musical." "Not she." "Then your family; they must be musical." "Not they." "Man," he said, "I'm a bilermaker in Leith."

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Mr. Scarehead—Er—yes, sir; I—
Managing Editor—Kindly draw on the office for forty shillings, get married immediately, and let me have two columns on "Married Life in a Great City" by twelve o'clock. And—
—congratulations!—Exchange.

Society at the Capital.

THE Golf Club was the chosen spot many times during the past week for pleasant affairs, in the way of dinners and luncheons, the hosts for the greater part being several of our popular bachelors. Mr. D. J. MacDougall, M.P.P., on Monday, was the host of a jolly little dinner there in honor of Miss Frances Thompson of Toronto, Miss Mary Fitzpatrick's visitor, when besides these two charming young ladies, among the guests were numbered Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, Miss Frances Heron of Toronto, Miss Eileen Casgrain of Montreal, Mr. Alec Hill, Mr. Fred White, Mr. John Thompson. On Wednesday evening another Torontonian was the "raison d'être" of a dinner at the same attractive spot, when Mrs. Willie Gwynne was Mr. C. J. Jones' special guest, those invited to meet her being: Mrs. and Miss Crombie, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Muriel Burrows, Mr. W. A. Allan, Mr. John Thompson, Mr. Hungerford Pullen and Mr. Berkeley Powell. On Monday Mr. W. A. Allan took a small party out to the Golf Club, where they enjoyed a very dainty luncheon, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. Travers Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Powell, Mrs. Willie Gwynne, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mrs. Crombie, and Miss Pennington Macpherson. On the same day Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber entertained the Ladies' Golf committee at the club-house at luncheon.

An interesting little episode of Prince Arthur's visit occurred on Saturday morning just before His Royal Highness left for Niagara Falls, when, with his own hands, he planted three small pine trees in Rockcliffe Park, near the Buena Vista road. A party from Government House, including His Excellency Lord Grey, Lady Grey, Lady Sybil Grey, Lady Alix Beaulieu, Captain Newton and Captain Trotter, besides Mr. H. N. Bate and Dr. and Mrs. Saunders of the Experimental Farm, and several of the near-by residents, were the only witnesses of the interesting little ceremony. On dit that it is the Prince's intention to return shortly to the Capital, quite unofficially, to enjoy some fishing and other sports which the surroundings of the Capital offer in plenty.

Several of the visitors who came from Toronto and Montreal especially to attend the State ball were persuaded into lengthening their stay for a few days, and during the week have been the "causes d'être" of a number of smart, though for the most part small, gatherings of various descriptions. Mrs. Robert Fraser's bridge party on Tuesday afternoon was given in honor of Mrs. Cattanch, who was one of our popular guests from the Queen City, and Mrs. George Taylor was another hostess at bridge in the same good cause on Friday afternoon, and a third entertainment in Mrs. Cattanch's honor was a delightful tea given by Mrs. Crombie on Wednesday, when those invited to meet her were Mrs. Hanbury Williams, Mrs. Vernon Eaton, Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mrs. (Colonel) Irwin, Mrs. Harry Cassils, Mrs. J. A. Smellie, Mrs. A. Z. Palmer, Mrs. Charles Keefer, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. Louis Jones, and Miss Lola Powell.

It was with great regret that her many warm and admiring friends bid good-bye to Mrs. Nesbitt Kirchhoff, who left for her home in Brandon on Saturday, after spending several months in the Capital. Mrs. Kirchhoff will be joined by Miss Kathleen on route in Toronto, the latter having prolonged her visit of last week in that city. On Friday evening Mrs. Charles Harris gave a farewell bridge party in Mrs. Kirchhoff's honor, when those present were Sir Charles and Lady Ross, Mrs. Hanbury Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Broderick, Mrs. Cattanch of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Fringle, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smellie, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Sladen, Mrs. Crombie, Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Hansard, Mr. C. J. Jones, Mr. W. A. Allan, Mr. Tom Allan, Mr. John Ewart, and Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall, and on Thursday evening a dinner, followed by a short game of bridge, at which Mr. and Mrs. Broderick entertained, offered a few of Mrs. Kirchhoff's friends another opportunity of seeing her before her departure for the far West.

Two dinners at Government House on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings were among the bright events of the week's social round, when some of the guests invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smellie,

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Sladen, and Miss Lola Powell.

Mrs. Charles Moore's large tea on Thursday was given especially for Miss Frances Heron of Toronto, who has been making a round of visits in Ottawa, and is now with Mrs. W. P. Davis in Laurier avenue east. All the bright young society girls were present, besides several of the younger matrons. Miss Grace Moore of New York and Miss Edith Fielding poured the tea and coffee, and Miss Katherine Moore, looking exceedingly pretty in pale blue, received with her mother, who wore a most becoming violet gown. Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Vera Toller, Miss Lily McGee, and Miss Gladys Moore made very attentive assistants.

As usual at this time of the year, many Ottawans are contemplating an ocean voyage during the coming summer. Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Laura Toller expect to sail for England by the "Lake Manitoba" on June 14th; Rev. A. W. Mackay, rector of All Saints' Church, and Mrs. Mackay will sail by the "Virginia" on June 7th; Mrs. Charles Harris, accompanied by Miss Lilian Dainty and Miss Winifred Gornully, has taken passage for May 24th, and Dr. Harris will precede them by a couple of weeks, sailing on May 11th. Miss Muriel Burrows will also leave for the Old Country early in May.

Among the interesting weddings in the Capital to come off early in the summer will be that of Miss Muriel Church, daughter of the late Dr. Clarence Church, Ottawa, to Mr. John Burnand, son of Mr. John Lewis Burnand of Lloyds, London, England.

A marriage of great interest to all Ottawans, as well as many friends of the young couple all over Canada, will take place at the Dominion Methodist church in Ottawa on May 22nd, when Miss Maud Borden, second daughter of Sir Frederick Borden, K.C.M.G., Minister of Militia and Defence, will become the bride of Mr. Leslie Macoun.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, April 30th, 1906.

THE HOUSE OF GILBEY.

ONE of the largest wine-growing and distilling businesses in the world is that of the London firm of Gilbey Bros. Founded in 1857, they were very successful in finding a market for colonial wines, particularly those of the Cape of Good Hope, in opposition to the French, Spanish, and Portuguese products. Fortune smiled on them, and the firm of Gilbey Bros. grew at a remarkable rate of expansion. They acquired as a warehouse one of the most historic spots in London, the old Pantheon Theater, around which clustered memories of the eighteenth century drama. It was a famous resort of the beaux and wits in Walpole's day, and, though burned in 1792, was restored in all its former magnificence. It now forms one of the most palatial business offices in London, equally as commodious as the famous Lombard street banking houses. Gilbey Bros. have also on the same premises, in addition to huge warehouses, a fully equipped printing office, using both lithographic and letterpress methods, where over sixty millions of labels and price-lists are printed annually. At Camden Town, a mile and a half distant, are situated the firm's bonded warehouses, covering nine acres of ground and employing nine hundred hands. There, also, are the famous wine-vaults, over a mile in length, and near by is a large gin distillery with a capacity of three thousand gallons a week. Gilbey Bros. have also three distilleries in the Glenlivet District, Scotland, where over three hundred thousand gallons annually are distilled. They have also famous vineyards abroad, among others the celebrated estate of Château Loudenne, purchased from the Viscountess de Marcelus, where they produce their gold-medal French claret. They have also properties in Oporto, Jarnac, Charente, and Mayence, in the Rhine district. Canadians would be surprised at the extent of this firm's business. Some idea may be given by the fact that they pay over \$10,000 Government duties a day. In England their popularity is immense, but here they are scarcely known. Englishmen, however, are more and more looking to Canada for trade, and Gilbey Bros., with commendable enterprise, are introducing their specialties to the Canadian public through their local agents, R. H. Howard & Co., and James Turner & Co. of Hamilton.

Culture Through the Cook.

"Speak every day to some one who you know is your superior," said Edward Everett Hale. An easy duty. If your wife is not at home say something to the cook.—Kansas City "Journal."

When People are Queer

THERE is nothing that marks the cosmopolitan so clearly as his acceptance of all sorts and conditions of people, without any remark as to their strangeness. We have all heard about the Quaker who said to his wife: "Everyone is queer except thee and me, and I think thee is a little queer." No doubt the next time the two good members of the Society of Friends took a walk down town, several citizens said, "Odd old couple, aren't they?" and the gushing young thing of the period exclaimed, "Aren't they just too quaint for anything!"

But to the true cosmopolitan few things are queer; they are merely different. He recognizes types and divergences, but he is not amused when the Jamaican woman swings along the island road with burdens on her head, or when Frenchmen embrace each other with a lavish display of regard. Differences of style and custom are but the moves with which the game of life is played, and to the cosmopolitan the game is always worth watching. The "citizen of the world" is not necessarily a traveler, for the unquestioning acceptance of what most of the world deems queer is a matter of temperament rather than experience. Some people may travel over Europe and Asia, and return to tell about how ludicrously different from themselves they found the inhabitants of other continents, and they will remain insular to the very end of the chapter, and when they go to heaven will probably think the angels more than a trifle peculiar.

The English have been accused of being more addicted to this failing than any other European people, and yet we find that they have surpassed any others in colonizing and governing foreign communities. The truth may be that while John Bull sturdily regards himself as superior to other beings, he is possessed of a patience with their absurdly childish ways that contributes to order and good government. It is the Englishman's idea of conformity in religion that has been the strength of the State Church, and that gives us the word "dissenters," as a semi-contemptuous description of those who prefer any other form of worship. "Most foreigners are fools," was Dr. Johnson's decided observation, and it is no wonder that Taine, the French critic, calls him "the respectable, the unbearable Samuel Johnson." But the English writer was only more honest than the most of us. Even when we go to Rome, and do as the Romans do, we are considering how very absurd they are, and how kind and broad-minded it is of us to fall in with their funny ways.

In Canada we frequently congratulate ourselves that we are not afflicted with the insularity of the Englishman, the clannishness of the Scot, or the pugnacity of the Irishman. But the newly-arrived immigrant soon discovers that the Canadian thinks every speech queer but his own. An English girl, who has been in Ontario only three months, and who is possessed of a delightful voice, said to an acquaintance who was hoping that she was not homesick: "I don't think the people mean to be unpleasant, but why should they remark upon my English accent?" When one comes to reflect on the matter, it is entirely in keeping with the fitness of things that a woman from Warwickshire should speak with an English accent, and not in the unlovely style of Milwaukee or Chicago. But because the voice is not that of Ontario, we must be curious about it, and trust that the person so unfortunate as to differ from us will speedily adopt the vernacular and become undistinguished from the multitude. Whistler, who had reduced queerness to the finest of arts, once appeared at an evening entertainment without a tie. A friend advised him of its absence, thinking a mistake had been made. "I don't intend to wear one," said the artist with superb indifference, "it is in much better taste to wear a small gold stud with a linen collar than to tie around it a band of flimsy material." So Whistler remained tieless and consistent. It is these non-conformists who make life interesting, the people who dare to be different. Those who adopt independence as a pose are soon found out, but the man who cares not for the charge of queerness discovers sooner or later the truth of Robert Louis Stevenson's words: "To know what you prefer and why you prefer it, this is to have kept the soul alive." J. G.

Thank you, my boy, thank you." Robbie looked up in his face wistfully, and apologetically replied: "Mr. Jones, you don't know how I wish I could thank you for something."—"Harper's Magazine."

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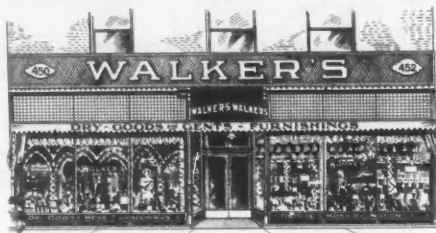
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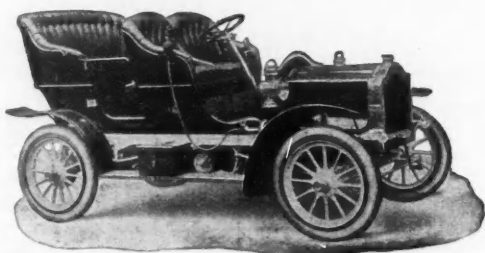
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Social and Personal.

Mr. E. W. Bassett of the Bank of
Commerce, Spadina and College
branch, has been moved to the branch
of the bank in Paris, Ont.

The marriage of Miss Edith
Thomson Downey, elder daughter of
Mr. James H. Downey, to Mr. Ernest
Aikton Egleson of Ottawa, in All
Saints' church, Whitby, Wednesday
evening, was a very charming affair.
The service was fully choral, and con-
ducted by the rector, Rev. Alton H.
Wright. Mrs. Ayres was organist.
Looking very lovely in a lace robe of
a dainty lovers' knot design, over
chiffon and silk ruffles, the bride
came up the aisle with her father, who
gave her away. With the customary
veil and orange blossoms, she carried
a beautiful bridal bouquet of lily of
the valley, caught together with loops
of satin ribbon. Her sister, Miss
Ruth Downey, was maid of honor,
and Mr. Earl McDougall of Montreal
was groomsman. A pleasing feature
of the reception and wedding break-
fast, at the residence of the bride's
parents, at Byron and College streets,
was the presence of four of the
bride's classmates at St. Hilda's—
Miss Haney and Miss Margaret
Haney, and Miss Annie Ogden, To-
ronto, and Miss Scott, Oshawa. Mr.
and Mrs. Egleson left for Montreal,
Ottawa, and the Maritime Provinces.
They will be at home in Capleton,
Que., after June 1st.

The Misses Sternberg have issued
invitations for the annual closing of
their dancing and physical culture
classes, to be held at St. George's
Hall on Monday, May 7th, at 8 p.m.
During the evening a musical pro-
gramme will be given by Miss Blach-
ford, soprano; Miss Wardell, mezzo-
soprano; Miss Lillian Johnstone, cel-
list. About seventy-five pupils of all
sizes and ages will give a varied pro-
gramme of dances and physical ex-
ercises, including always popular
minuet, Spanish dance, and Scotch
steps, etc.

Mrs. A. W. Haun, Dunnville, who
has been visiting her parents, Dr. and
Mrs. Armstrong, 83 Albany avenue,
returned home this week.

A very pleasant event took place at
the home of Mrs. E. Trull, Leskard,
on Wednesday, April 25th, when the
marriage of her eldest daughter, Miss
Ada Trull, to Mr. Herbert L. Russell
of Millbrook was solemnized by Rev.
Mr. Russell, pastor of the Baptist
church of that town. The bride was
given away by her brother, and at-
tended by her sister, Elva Trull, with
little Beatrice Beatty discharging the
duties of flower-girl. She wore cream
brocade silk, and carried a bouquet
of cream roses, while the bridesmaid
was gowned in silk ecru, and carried
pink roses. The groom's brother, Dr. Russell,
was the best man. The bride and groom
were accompanied by a large number of
guests. The bride's dress was of albatross cloth.
Guests were present from Mono,
Bowmanville, Oshawa, Port Hope,
Millbrook, Peterboro, and Toronto.

An unusually attractive auction sale
of choice household effects, the pro-
perty of the late B. Laurence, Consul
for Venezuela, will be conducted by
Charles M. Henderson & Co., auc-
tioneers, at the residence, 561 Sher-
bourne street, opposite Isabella street,
at 11 o'clock on Friday, May 11th. A
view of the collection, which includes
many pieces of fine, rare furniture,
ivory ornaments, china, draperies,
etc., may be had by permit on the
evening previous to the sale.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

DINGLE—At Winnipeg, April 25, to
Mrs. Guy V. Dingle, a daughter.
GUNN—To Mr. and Mrs. R. E.
Gunn, a son, April 30.
MACLEAN—At St. Catharines, April
24, to Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Maclean,
a son.
BELL—Toronto, April 30, Mrs. J. K.
Bell, a son.
GUNDY—Toronto, April 28, Mrs. S.
B. Gundy, a daughter.
LALOR—Toronto, May 1, Mrs. John
M. Lalor, a daughter.
MILLER—Toronto, April 29, Mrs.
W. J. Miller, a son.

Marriages.

GRAHAM—BOYD—Toronto, May 2,
Jane Eleanor Boyd to Dr. Joseph
Graham.
GIBSON—CHARLTON—Toronto,
April 30, Maude Charlton to John
James Gibson.
PRICE—WINCHELL—Toronto,
April 30, Callie W. Winchell to Dr.
Walter G. Price.
WILSON—BELL—Kew Beach, April
30, Mabel Niehn Bell to Richard
Steele Wilson.

Deaths.

BROUGH—London, England, May 2,
Theodore George Brough, aged 51
years.
BROWN—Toronto, April 30, Frank-
lin Brown, aged 17 years.
GRIFFITH—Toronto, May 1, Robert
I. Griffith, aged 76 years.
HENDERSON—Toronto, April 29,
Mrs. G. E. Henderson.
HOFFMAN—Berlin, Ont., May 1,
Mrs. J. S. Hoffman, aged 66 years.
LUGSDIN—Toronto, April 29, Mrs.
William L. Lugsdin, aged 66 years.

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